25 Cents April - 1931

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



★ TY COBB - KARL W. DETZER ★
JESSE L. LASKY - FREDERICK PALMER



More fingers point to ETHYL

than to any other name in gasoline

MILLIONS of fingers now choose the pump with the Ethyl emblem. So great is the demand for this improved motor fuel that every fifth pump in the country is now an Ethyl pump.

42

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Walter P. Chrysler
Of great interest and value to all young business men.



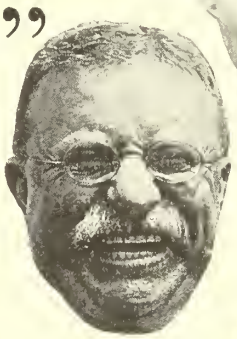
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It Reveals the Real Truth of What Really Makes Men Successful!

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Henry Ford
Is there a far more subtle reason than automobiles for the millions he has made?

Theodore Roosevelt
Did he become a governor, later a president, through taking a dare?



Charles Schwab
How did he trade a Jersey cow for 29 ships?



Herbert Hoover
What trick played on a German general influenced Hoover's whole carcer?



Abraham Lincoln
How was the man who called him "the original gorilla" made to work for Lincoln's success?



General Pershing
What strange method did he use to tame a vice-president?

ACCORDING to authorities, not one out of ten people really understands how to get along with other people—how to establish influence over them, win loyalty, admiration, cooperation. Worlds of ability, integrity and ambition go to waste on account of the lack of this knowledge. You may not be attaining one-tenth the success that could be yours if you knew the real secret of handling people. Reading *Strategy in Handling People* brings an exhilaration that comes from the possession of a new power for attracting and influencing people—a power that is boundless in what it may bring you. Mystery that has shrouded the lives of over two hundred of the world's most successful men, has been torn aside. The identical methods they used are now yours.

Great, fundamental truths are always plain and simple once they are understood. But it took years of untiring effort and the help of the best psychological minds in America to make possible *Strategy in Handling People*.

The two authors, Ewing T. Webb, brilliant advertising man, and John J. B. Morgan, Professor of Psychology at Northwestern University, spent more than three years in the search for data and the careful, analytical sifting of facts in the preparation of this history-making volume.

Clear and unmistakable is revealed the fact that invariably the great men of modern times have found in their contacts with other people the true secret of success.

It seems startling, indeed, that such men as Abraham Lincoln and John D. Rockefeller actually used similar methods—and that later Henry Ford cashed in on the same basic idea. Yet all of us, when we stop to think, must realize that great success or great wealth is utterly impossible through the single-handed efforts of an individual. To scale such heights it is obviously necessary to benefit from the efforts of other people.

Strategy in Handling People shows how easy it is to control people, relating incidents that show the methods used by over two hundred of the world's most successful men—men like Elbert Gary, Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, Henry Ford, Benjamin Franklin. The identical methods they used become yours.

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II	The Secret of Making People Like You
VII	The Knack of Getting Co-operation
VIII	Trading Pennies for Dollars
IX	How to Make People Say Yes
XVII	A Simple Way to Develop Personality
XXI	How to Get Credit For What You Do

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Please send me a copy of *Strategy in Handling People* for 5 days' free examination. It is understood that at the end of 5 days I will either return the book without cost or obligation—or keep it as my own and send you $3.00 in full payment.

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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

APRIL, 1931

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

VOL. 10, NO. 4

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Articles by Oscar of the Waldorf, Dana Pierce, John R. Tunis, Samuel Scoville, Jr.

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

OKLAHOMA: The 46th State, admitted to the Union Nov. 16, 1907. The United States acquired the land by the Louisiana Purchase, 1803, and by the annexation of Texas, 1845. Congress organized Oklahoma Territory, May 2, 1890, the last in Continental America. Previously, bits of it or all of it had been included in Louisiana, Missouri, Texas, Arkansas, and in what has been popularly but never officially, Indian Territory. There, the United States, beginning in 1820, established reservations for the Five Civilized Tribes, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Choctaws, the Creeks and the Seminoles, giving them a local self-government, combining tribal tradition and American law that survived until 1905, when the federal Government dissolved it, allotted the land in severalty and made all the Indians there citizens. Under the terms of the Dawes commission of 1905, the Indian wards of the nation received in 1923 royalties from their oil and gas leases totaling $36,659,810. April 22, 1889 the Government first opened the land to the whites who made a grand land rush for the rich potential farms, ranches and oil fields. Population, 1890, 258,657; 1930 (U. S. Census), 2,396,040. Area, 70,057 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 29.2 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 21st in population, 17th in area, 30th in density. Capital, Oklahoma City (1930 U. S. Census), 185,389. Three largest cities (1930 U. S. Census), Oklahoma City, Tulsa, 41,258; Muskogee, 32,026. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), $3,093,524,000. Oklahoma had 90,378 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, Labor Omnia Vincit (Labor Conquers All Things). Origin of name: Choctaw for "the land of the redskin." Nickname: Sooner.



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OVER SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS IN BUSINESS

The BASEBALL RIDDLE

By TY COBB

A LOT of people say that baseball is sick. Maybe it is. At any rate, it's displaying symptoms of one sort or another, though whether they indicate a basic disorder or just a passing headache, I'm not going to guess.

Fans tell you about the big gate receipts of last season. The majors, they say, had record-breaking attendance in 1930 in spite of the general financial depression. But the men who claim that haven't analyzed the figures as closely as they should have. A little study would show that the crowds went to see the winning teams; the cellar quartet in each league played to pretty empty benches, and I'm willing to place a bet that they lost money. Things have got so now that the bottom four are practically only come-ons for the upper group. Half the attendance at National League games last year was registered in only two cities — Chicago and Brooklyn.

Now, because the first division teams are the ones that make the money, almost automatically they insure their own continuance at the top. Their vaster resources enable them to go the limit in the purchase of new talent; the four bottom teams are financially out of the bidding.

It seems to me, therefore, that the teams which were leading both leagues at the close of last season will continue to lead for several years to come. Of course prophecy is more or less ridiculous, even when based on assured facts and tendencies. The only 100 percent safe forecast of a line-up at the end of the coming season would be an alphabetical one,—for A will still be coming before B, and B before C, when next fall gets around.

But if you want my guess on the final ranking for 1931, I'll give it to you, meanwhile cautioning you not to throw this up to me when all the shouting dies down in October.

For the American League, Philadelphia to repeat its feat of winning first place, with New York second and Washington third. The rest of the teams strung out in this order: Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Boston in last place.

In the National League I look for a close fight among three teams for first place. It's a toss-up between Chicago, Brooklyn and St. Louis. I pick New York for fourth place. Pittsburgh for fifth, and Boston and Cincinnati following in that order, with Philadelphia in the cellar.

There it is, and you may take it for what it is worth. And remember that it is made in the middle of winter, before training has commenced and before new prospects have opened up. Remember, too, that a locomotive might jump a track and injure four or five players and throw my whole guess into the discard.

Yet so long as the lively ball remains in use, I feel pretty safe in the forecast. Some officials claim there has been no change in the composition of the baseball and, literally, they may be right; but the ball is different in character if not in composition,— perhaps more tightly bound, built of stronger yarn or tougher leather. It's different.

Home-runs, you know, used to be exceptional things; I led my league once when I made nine in a single season. Yet in these days I have known fellows to hit home runs with one hand, a thing absolutely impossible in the years before the present baseball came into use. It happens this way: A man takes his swing at the ball and he's crossed. To retrieve himself he lets one hand go, swinging with the other—and connects

COBBISMS

"During my twenty-five years in the game I had become its slave. And that is why I got so dog-goned tired of it."

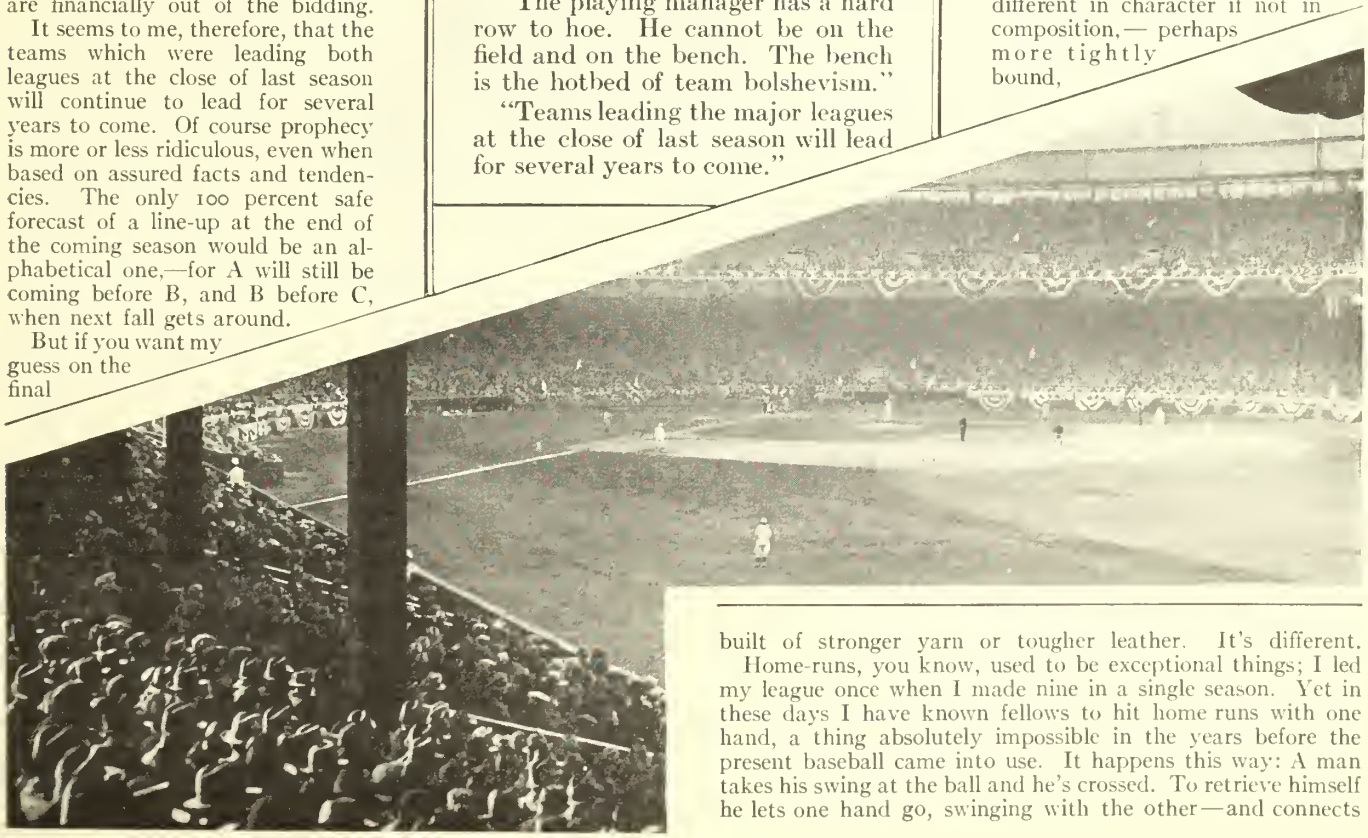
"In 1907 cellar teams attracted thousands even at the very end of the season. Today they play to two or three hundred spectators."

"Ten or fifteen years ago every kid that could find a corner lot took his glove and ball and bat to it. Today he takes his golf sticks."

"It is only a question of time before the fans will demand a return to the old-fashioned pitchers' battles."

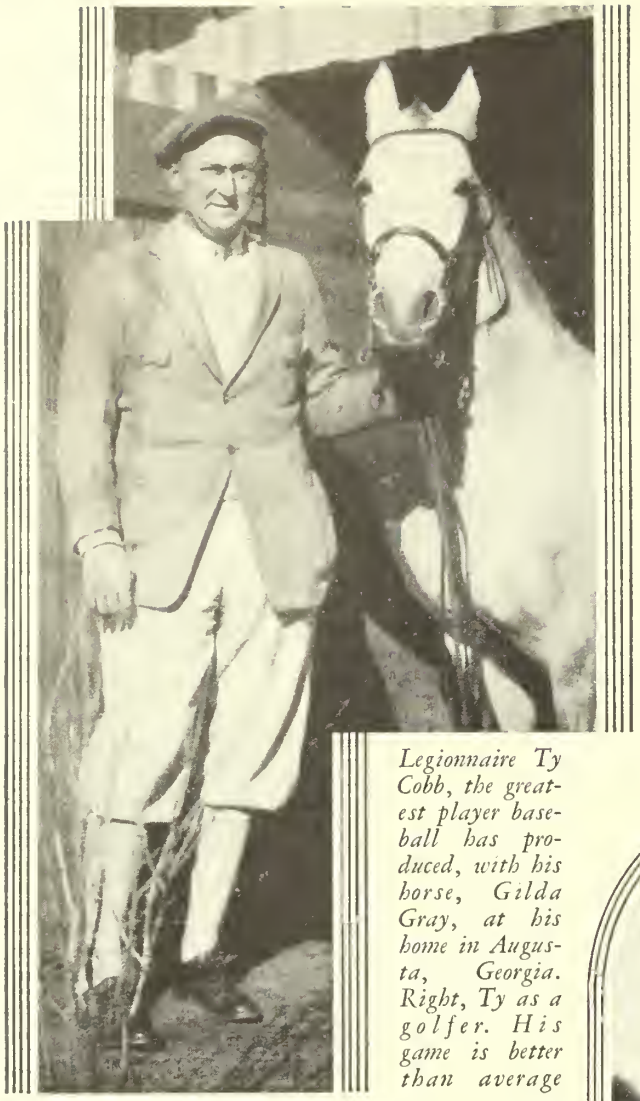
"The playing manager has a hard row to hoe. He cannot be on the field and on the bench. The bench is the hotbed of team bolshevism."

"Teams leading the major leagues at the close of last season will lead for several years to come."



Why Ty Cobb Has a Right

Tyrus Raymond Cobb holds more records in baseball sport. When Detroit acquired him for $700 toward ising but not particularly brilliant player. In 1906, twenty years he never fell below .300. During twelve ing the leadership nine consecutive years. For bases, and for twenty-one years he was high man in bases, which is the record for modern times. During hits, surpassing Honus Wagner's mark of 2,785. In hits and in each of ten seasons one hundred or more take a chance on the next batter. When pitch-



Legionnaire Ty Cobb, the greatest player baseball has produced, with his horse, Gilda Gray, at his home in Augusta, Georgia. Right, Ty as a golfer. His game is better than average



with the ball in this manner. I know that Ruth has hit homers just that way.

Now, if such a thing had been possible with the baseballs we used to have, it would have been done; for players then were more inventive, more resourceful, more scientific than they are today.

Again, you might compare the batting averages of 1920 and 1921. Not one man, not ten, but every man in the leagues improved his hitting in the latter year. The Detroit team, for instance, which of course I know more about than any other, batted, as a whole, 265 in 1920; in 1921 the percentage jumped to 316.

In former times it took a good fast man to score from second on a single; nowadays anyone does.

I think it was Babe Ruth who showed how popular the lively ball could become. When he was pitching for Boston, nobody expected him to do much with a bat, for pitchers are not supposed to be hitters. Yet the Babe would come up, take a shillally at the ball, spin it out beyond nowhere—and the boys would begin to talk. All this was water on his wheel. Ruth went into the field, and every day, practice or game, he'd take a Bing!, and out the ball would go. People liked that. It was a novelty. It was action instead of science. They did not understand that the blind approval they gave to the heavy hitters might bring a reaction which would be disastrous to baseball in the long run.

For what has happened? A good team in the American League is today so far ahead of a poor team that there's no comparison. Consequently the public is beginning to stay away from the games the weak sisters play. People want competition and they would get more kick out of a 1 to 0 game between two amateur teams than from a 10 or 12 to 0 performance between professionals.

I think the fans are tiring of slugging matches. It is only a question of time, I believe, before they'll demand a return to the old-fashioned pitchers' battles. To me that seems the only solution for the slack attendance in half the big league towns.

I was in baseball for twenty-five years, and I saw the character of the game change many times. I saw the spit ball, the shine ball, the emery ball come in and go out. I saw the White Sox become famous as the Hitless Wonders; our own team get a great deal of acclaim; Connie Mack introduce the combination of good pitching, hitting and signal stealing. Boston was building up a most scientific team.

Then New York developed slugging. And where, in 1907, even cellar teams would attract thousands, though at the very end of the season, today you'll find only two or three hundred spectators at the games they play.

Even if, in total, attendance has increased, it has not kept stride with the natural growth of population in ball-playing centers or the step-up in the expense of running a team. I am convinced that the lively ball, taking competition out of the game, is largely to blame; because of it, a hitting practice exhibition today is just as exciting as some big-score big league clashes.

Nor do I think the problem can be helped much by simply erecting screens in parks that have short fields. Any artificial contrivance to keep down home-runs strikes me as an improvement; but why not put something in the ball to slow it up, and thereby cure this evil at its root?

Yet this is not baseball's only trouble. The spectator himself provides one of the most puzzling, for he wants two almost opposite things, —big stars, outstanding names—and also a winning team. The nine built about a star may make more money; but it does not have the long end of a score so often as the well-organized group that functions as a whole. One reason for this is that the owners of the star's team, being content with financial returns, decline to invest money for new players unless they have to.

Connie Mack, McGraw, Griffith, Wrigley and a few others are in the game for the sake of winning, not just for the return on their investment. If they could cinch a pennant by forty games, they'd do it unhesitatingly. Yet other owners, who have big names on their payrolls, won't bolster the weaker spots. Once, while I was with Detroit, practically every man on the team wanted us to buy a certain pitcher; and if we had, we would have come out on top. But the owners, who were making money with

to Talk About Baseball

than any man has ever held in the history of the the end of the 1905 season he was considered a prom- his first full season, he batted .322, and for the next seasons he led the American League in batting, hold- twenty years he led both major leagues in stolen both leagues in safe hits. In 1915 he stole ninety-six his major league career he made over three thousand each of nine seasons he made two hundred or more runs. Many pitchers nowadays pass Babe Ruth and ers passed Cobb their troubles were only beginning.

the team as then organized, refused to take chances. They preferred letting well enough alone.

Another difficulty that must be ironed out before baseball finds smooth running again is the matter of major drafts on minor league players. It seems to me that the majors should nurture and encourage the lesser teams, and when they take over a player, pay as much as they can afford for him. The majors make money; the minors do not. Yet the minors are the feeders, and unless something is done to develop them, trust baseball—monopoly—will ensue. I cannot offer a remedy. Free barter is a constructive suggestion, perhaps, and seems to fit in best with gentlemanly considerations; for, if you have something, what right have I to take it away from you at my own price?

Just now the minors are beginning to see hope in night baseball, and I think they have reason to. Because it is scheduled after working hours, a great many fans who are tied to their jobs in the daytime are able to attend. In my home town—Augusta, Georgia—gate receipts trebled and quadrupled last season after night games had been started.

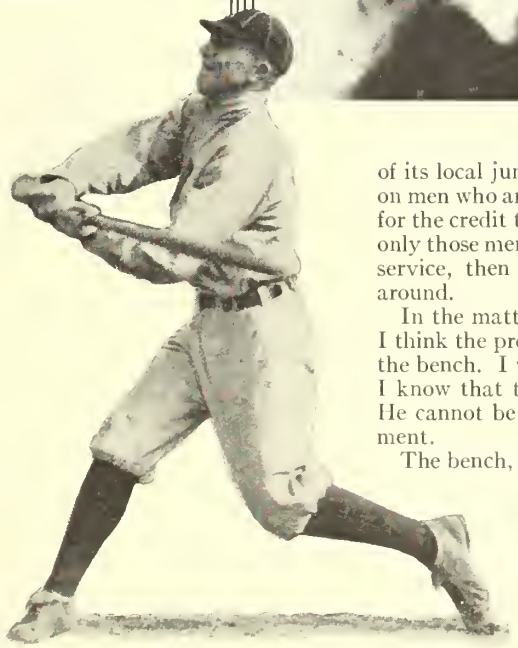
Of course evening games present many crudities, but I believe time will iron them out. The players are not so efficient as they are with benefit of sunlight—though perhaps the difference would be obvious only to a player himself. For instance, I can note a slight decrease in effectiveness when a ball is hit to the right or left of an infield player. In daylight, the fielder gets a little initial jump in the proper direction before the ball is fairly on him; under artificial lights he doesn't. Again, night baseball makes for chop hitters, rather than swing hitters. The remedy for these ills, I believe, lies not in more night-time practice, but in a better system of lighting the diamonds.

People have been saying that golf is making big inroads into the popularity of baseball. I think they are right. A decade ago few men talked or played golf; galleries were meagre in numbers. Today the game is commonplace and it attracts thousands of spectators. Only ten or fifteen years ago every boy who could find a corner lot took his glove and ball and bat to it; today he takes his golf sticks. I understand that 2,000,000 putters alone were sold last year; owners of baseball clubs are beginning to see a danger there.

Perhaps some help will come from the Legion's own encouragement of sandlot ball. I have followed this undertaking with a great deal of interest, and I hope the professional clubs will recognize its merit and foster it. At present the Legion junior program faces one big difficulty, a thing about which I know from personal experience. There is danger of politics creeping in, of fellows hogging credit, trying to get in the spotlight at risk of the sandlot kids' popularity. If the Legion will strictly supervise the work of its local junior baseball officials, and turn thumbs down on men who are trying to connect themselves with the game for the credit they may get out of it and will keep in power only those men who directly render honest and disinterested service, then I think there will be an improvement all around.



Cobb with his dog Spot. Left, in the heyday of his career as an outfielder with the Detroit Tigers, when he used to go from first to third regularly on a sacrifice hit



In the matter of team management in the professionals, I think the present tendency favors the ruler who sits upon the bench. I was a playing manager for several years, and I know that the playing manager has a hard row to hoe. He cannot be on the field and the bench at the same moment.

The bench, you know, is the hotbed of team bolshevism. One or two misfortunes will start the warmers to second-guessing the manager, who, after all, knows his men best and must make all decisions in accord with his own seasoned judgment. The bench sitters may think they know better; and unless the manager is at hand during their sessions of bellyaching, they will grow disgruntled, rebellious, hard to handle. When a manager doesn't have to get out and take his place in the field and at bat he can curb the second-guessing of the soreheads before it gets serious enough to hurt the team.

While I was player-manager of the Tigers, I never had trouble in the open. Of course there was an undercurrent of unrest, much as with any other team (and particularly violent it gets with losing teams, too); but for the most part matters went smoothly. I had taken over a demoralized club. Jennings, in the previous season, had lost the first thirteen games of the year; and, faced with open bolshevism, had got so far in the cellar that he pulled into seventh place only two weeks before the season ended.

Sergeant Pickering, D.C.I., Sets a Thief to Catch a Thief and Gets



A GOOD BREAK

PRIVATE Charles C. (Blackie) Curtain pleaded guilty to the murder of Captain Leslie Goodman before the general court martial sitting in Brest on April 22, 1919. And thus half of the case which had been disturbing Sergeant Jack Pickering and the rest of the D. C. I. came to an end. But Pickering was only half satisfied.

It was he who had arrested Curtain, he who obtained his confession. It involved Corporal Fred Sperling, as much as Curtain could manage. They killed Captain Goodman, Curtain said, because he tried to cheat them. They had turned over a sack of stolen diamonds to him. Instead of selling them in France and paying Curtain and Sperling their share of the loot, the captain had started on the run for the States.

The two thieves had caught him at Pontanezen, and a bullet disposed of him; at Pontanezen, also, only twenty-four hours later, Sergeant Pickering caught Blackie Curtain.

Sperling and Curtain were deserters from casual companies. For three diverting weeks, diverting to the D. C. I. as well as to the two men, they had wandered about the provinces of northwestern France, robbing jewelers. Their method was always the same. They would enter a first class shop, ask to see some cheap gew-gaw, exciting no suspicion until the gun appeared. Always it was Curtain, the sloven one of the two, who jerked out the revolver, and always Sperling . . . a short man who looked like an officer, the jewelers agreed . . . whose skillful fingers went over the stock of diamonds, picking out the best stones, complaining while he did so of their poor quality.

Pickering recollected that only once, in all the thefts, did a jeweler report to the police that Sperling appeared to be satisfied with the quality of the plunder. This was in the shop of one M. Joliette, in the seacoast town of Barcy, a semi-fashionable watering place near Morlaix. A rich watering place is a natural spot to find good diamonds. In choosing it the pair had shown judgment.

"They took only the best stones, not the largest," Joliette complained. "Seven of my finest gems. I am ruined."

Peculiarly enough, these seven diamonds belonging to the Barcy shop were the only ones from all the thefts not recovered in Captain Leslie Goodman's musette sack.

There might be a good reason for this, Pickering thought. He had driven into Barcy, quite by accident, twenty minutes after this robbery. It had been his opportunity to take the pair. But they escaped. Escaped as usual. Undoubtedly they had known he was in town. Crooks have ways of knowing, even in twenty minutes. And the gendarmes had been noisy.

So if these jewels alone were not recovered, then perhaps the men had hidden them before they left town that day. Such a course would be natural, Pickering figured, if they knew police were on their trail. And there had been no chance to get back after them before they entrusted the others to Goodman.

Curtain, when Pickering questioned him, substantiated this in some part.

Sure, he agreed, Sperling had hidden the Barcy stones. In Barcy? Hell, he didn't know. That guy Sperling was like that. High-toned. Kept a lot of things to himself. They had been around there a week. Picked a swell joint out on the edge of town.

By KARL W. DETZER

Illustrations by Kenneth F. Camp



"He could fight, he was not a coward. It took three men to hold him"

The sergeant, pressing Curtain for details, had learned little more. The house where the men had been hiding was large. It had a glass porch, its shutters were locked and the household was away. But to avoid any risk, they must enter and leave by the rear wall.

"Damned inconvenient," Curtain quoted his partner.

He explained: "Always made Sperling mad, havin' to go over walls. Never liked gettin' his hands all dirt. He's a gent, see?"

Pickering nodded. He saw. It hadn't been Sperling who slouched into the Pontanezen salvage company headquarters with Curtain that day Pickering set the bait for them. He had been too smart to show himself in daylight.

"He's a guy what always gets a good break," Blackie Curtain said.

"More'n I do," Pickering answered.

One good break, and he now would have had this Corporal Sperling. So far in the history of these diamond thefts, there had been three unlucky men . . . Goodman dead, Curtain convicted of murder, and himself. It had been easy at the end to capture Curtain. But he hadn't set eyes once on his smarter partner.

"Guess I'll take me a trip, sir," Pickering told his commanding officer on the night of April 22nd. "Sperling's on the loose, and the Barcy stones haven't showed up. Crooks is greedy. If the stones are still in Barcy, somebody will come back after them, now the shooting's died down. I'll go up and take a look-see."

Before he went, Pickering consulted the troop disposal chart. Barcy, which two weeks before had swarmed with Americans, now was deserted except for a military police patrol guarding the transportation routes. That would help matters decidedly. He got into civilian clothes, strapped a shoulder holster under his coat, rubbed perfume into his hair, and pinned a paper flower to his lapel.

"If I only could get the garlic habit, I'd be the perfect frog," he said, and set out for the coast town.

Barcy was a comfortable place, that aspired to be a city, but never having suffered growing pains, it still wore village manners and village clothes. The jewel shop of M. Joliette elbowed its way to the curb of the Place de la République, between the Hotel de France and the musty Cinema Theatre Pathé. Pickering remembered it perfectly; he had observed it with thoughtful, professional eyes the day of the robbery.

Now, as he returned, he discovered that for a second time since the Armistice, it had been the scene of excitement. This discovery irritated him. New excitement would stir up dust, and he had come to wait quietly for signs of Sperling.

He arrived at eight in the morning, and the shutter still was hooked to M. Joliette's display window. The door, however, swung open, and a crowd of townsmen stood gaping into it. Pickering, inconspicuous in his civilian clothes, pressed through them into the shop.

The jeweler stood in the middle of the floor. He was a spare, pale citizen of sixty-three or four, with large, sorrowful eyes that suggested a hair trigger on the tear ducts. He wore a morning coat, somewhat rusty, a pair of proper pin stripe trousers, and a flame colored cravat that was nearly hidden by the beard that spread across his chest like a sooty broom.

Facing him, hands on hips, his satchel of writing materials swinging by a strap from his shoulder, Brigadier Laurier, the plump village gendarme, was pouring out questions through the strands of his bulging mustache.

"And you shot at him? Then what? What time? How many?"

To Pickering's discomfort, the brigadier recognized the American at once.

"Ho!" he shouted. "It is my friend! Ho! M'sieur the American sergeant of the récherchés criminals!"

"Co-reck!" Pickering admitted. He shook hands. "In the nick of time, I'd say. Bon jour, M'seer Joliette. And who were you shooting at?"

The jeweler, who had been staring, came suddenly to life.

"You?" he exclaimed. "Ah, you have brought back my diamonds?"

"No."

"M'sieur has once more been molested," the gendarme explained. "Tell it all, M'sieur Joliette."

Pickering muttered. Telling it all was a Frenchman's way of spending valuable time. But at the end of ten minutes, Pickering knew the facts. Someone had attempted again to rob the shop. Only on this occasion it was through the back door. It was after midnight when the jeweler heard the metallic clink of a rear shutter, and peering out of the window, for he lived over the shop, he had seen the dark figure close beside the building.

"I have been a soldier." Joliette took his beard in his hand, and drawing it aside, displayed the spot of service color on his lapel.

"I keep my rifle ready. I crept back, grasped it, and leaning out I fired. Unfortunately, I did not kill the swine, for he ran."

"Anything here worth stealing?" Pickering asked.

The jeweler was offended. "You jest? Then I will tell you this. In the shop last night there rested the diamond necklace for my brother-in-law's new wife. It arrived only yesterday."

"Everybody in town know that?"

"No one! That is, except my brother-in-law . . ."

They were interrupted by voices in the door. A large man in civilian clothes strode in. Pickering saw a mouth full of gold teeth, then a beak of a nose, and rimless glasses on a string. The newcomer's eyes were bloodshot.

"Brigadier!" he cried. "I have been searching you!"

"Searching me?"

"You are never at home! A decent citizen gets no help from the police! I am wounded. . . ." Seeing the sergeant, he halted.

"Wounded?" the jeweler exclaimed. "You? How? Speak!"

"Who is this stranger?" the other demanded.

The brigadier introduced them.

"Here is M. Paul, our respected citizen, he who makes uniforms for our brave soldiers . . ."

"My brother-in-law," put in the jeweler.

"His rich brother-in-law." The gendarme's tone was faintly bitter. "M. Paul, this is the American detective, Sergeant . . . Sergeant Pack-er-ong."

"American?" the newcomer cried. "Detective?" He looked at Pickering with new interest. "You are the very man I need," he said. "Ah, they were clever! My servants saw nothing. My guests nothing. It is only I . . . I alone hear someone at the window. I rush out . . . and am wounded."

"Mebbe it was you in on this business here," Pickering said.

The gendarme cried: "Tut!"

"What business? I was in my own house. And this vagrant tried a window. I rushed out and . . . look . . . look!"

He peeled out of his coat and jerked open his shirt at the throat. His underwear was slightly spotted with blood, at the right of his neck. There was a scratch on his shoulder. Pickering stared at it. It was a bullet nick, no doubt of it. He'd seen enough of them before the Armistice and since.

"And when I came running now for you," Paul swung accusingly on the brigadier, "you are out gapping with my brother-in-law!"

"But I, too, encountered a prowler," Joliette said slowly. "And I shot him."

"Shot him? Shot him?" The other's hand went up involuntarily to his own shoulder.

"A thief tried my door and I fired my weapon."

"When?"

"Last night. I shot a man. . . ."

"You accuse me?" Paul demanded suspiciously.

"Oh, non, non, non, non, non! Non, my dear brother!"

"You'd better not."

"Tut!" Brigadier Laurier was taking out pens, ink bottle, procès verbal blanks and a horn of blotting sand from his satchel. "Let me write down the facts."

Pickering, his mind confused, pulled up a chair and sat down. Paul told his story first. The brigadier treated him with an unfriendly deference, indicating that no matter how much he disliked him, here was a man of importance. Paul related the events of the night with gusto. He had been entertaining; two Americans and a Britisher were with him for the hunting. But they had slept through the alarm. Paul alone had rushed out to halt the prowler.

"Unarmed!" he added vehemently. "With my naked hands! Ah, if the wasp had not shot, I should have choked him till his tongue blew up and burst!"

When he had done, Joliette repeated his own story, in a sorrowful voice, which indicated that he, like the brigadier, considered the affairs of a jeweler to be of small importance compared with those of this great brother-in-law. Pickering lighted a cigarette, and through its smoke, stared first at one, then the other. It wouldn't take him long to solve it. He'd set it down as a sweet little in-law row.

The jeweler admitted shooting a man. His brother-in-law admitted being shot. Each insisted that he had been protecting his own property, but neither had witnesses. And the day before the jeweler had received a diamond necklace to be delivered to Paul. The whole thing smelled of family discord.



"Well?" Paul asked him sharply. "If you are a detective, then what do you think of this?"

"Not much of anything," Pickering retorted. "You say you had a party. Some Americans and a Britisher. Who were they?"

"Friends," Paul replied. His manner became expansive, and he addressed Pickering alone. "*You* will comprehend. It is so with all Americans. You have intellect and wit, even as I must have. I met my guests in Nice last week. They were on what you call permission. They delight in the hunt, so I have brought them home."

"You bring too many friends home," the old gendarme complained. "That scoundrel of a Belgian who had robbed your wine cellar . . ."

"These are different. They are gentlemen. Officers."

"Some gentlemen are officers," Pickering admitted.

Paul took him by the coat lapels. "You will be my guest, too?" he asked. "It will not bend my hospitality to have a policeman under the roof. Who knows when the scoundrel who shot me will come back?"

"He won't," Pickering said. He looked shrewdly at the unhappy jeweler.

"But tomorrow we hunt," the other urged. "Ah, that touches you! I thought so. I know you Americans! You love the gun."

Pickering shook his head. "I keep mine in my pocket, sir."

"But we hunt the boar!" Paul cried. "And what is one more guest? How is it you say? All the more the happier! True! You will come?"

Again Pickering started to refuse.

"My house has the good beds, m'sieur. And the great American improvement. It is blessed with the bath tub!"

"Bath tub?" Pickering repeated.

"I send to your country for it! The knobs are gold plated, m'sieur! The water, forever it is hot." He saw Pickering gasp. "Besides, there is the rubber hose to squirt yourself. . . ."

"I'll be there," the sergeant promised.

It would do no harm. In fact it would give him an excuse for being in Barcy. But he must not be known as a detective.

"We'll say I'm a New Jersey business man," he told M. Paul. "You make uniforms? Well, I'm the guy that sells you the gadgets. Buttons, chevrons and that sort of thing."

It was agreed at length. Pickering should first have dinner with the cordial Paul, then spend the night. He left the two brothers-in-law talking excitedly to each other and crossed the square with the gendarme. He was a fool, probably, to get mixed up when he didn't have to with a dollar patriot, a man who'd order a necklace, then try to steal it from his own brother-in-law. But after all, one didn't hear of a bath tub often.

The brigadier spoke bitterly.

"M. Paul is a monstrous glutton," he complained. "He was an humble citizen like the rest of us before 1914. At the falls of the river he owned a small fabrique. There he made sacks for the apple crop. When the war comes, he ceases with sacks, instead makes uniforms for the poilu."

"Out of sack cloth?" Pickering asked. "They look it, some of them. The gentleman is married?"

He was. For two years this time. His wife now was a girl from the Follies. The brigadier admitted that she was pretty.

"She would not bring new youth to one of my age, but she satisfies the eyes of younger men. And *zut*, how jealous Paul is. He covers her with jewels, then if anyone stare at her, he is on fire. I repeat, he is a glutton. The war makes him rich. Now that it is over," the brigadier shrugged, "he must entertain constantly. Anyone. But particularly the Americans. You hunt, m'sieur?"

"Crooks," Pickering answered. "Nothing else tomorrow. I'll have a headache when I wake up."

"M'sieur is pleased to jest," the old gendarme said, "but I warn you, a headache you will have if you spend the night drinking with the braggart Paul."

In the office of the gendarmerie, the brigadier's wife reported that business had been brisk in his absence. There had come M. Paul, and one other. An American.

Pickering listened.

"It is a gold bar lieutenant with a ten-day mustache," the brigadier relayed to him. "Oui, American. He tells her he is come from Paris to settle the claim of poor Joliette for his loss in diamonds. He will return?"

"After he has eaten," the woman said.

"In which case," Pickering decided quickly, "you can forget to mention me. I don't hanker to talk with officers, no matter how young their mustaches."

He found a cafe nearby for his own luncheon, ate promptly, and departed. He was a business man from New Jersey today. A second lieutenant attached to the Rents, Requisitions and Claims department couldn't help him in any way. And he might hinder.

PICKERING had no difficulty, when the time came, in locating the domicile of so important a citizen as the sack maker who had turned to uniforms. It was a modern country place, on the less fashionable side of the town opposite the sea. The estate itself was surrounded by a high stone wall, its top adorned with broken bottles set into cement. Pickering chuckled. Those bottles atop French walls always made him think, obliquely, of brotherly love.

He entered the gates. The building thrust up three stories, with a trim slate roof. Its red brick front was embellished with colored tiles, its long windows were flanked by shutters painted chalk blue. The top floor was low, he noticed, with dormers sticking out of the roof at insane angles.

Over to the right, beyond the north wing of the house, spread a disordered array of stables, tool sheds, coach houses and a garage. A nice house, all right. American bath tub. American glass porch. . . . Pickering stopped, frowning.

Blackie Curtain had mentioned a glass porch. The house in Barcy where he hid out with Corporal Sperling had possessed an American glass porch. And it was located on the edge of town.

Pickering walked up the drive more slowly, even paused, perplexed, to light a cigarette. It was possible. Even probable, all things considered. Chance often entered. It hooked a lot of big fish into jail every day, in spite of the smart guys' claim that it couldn't. A good break was nothing except chance. And there were always good breaks. Besides, the members of the Paul household had been away, hadn't they, off spending money somewhere down south?

Nice, Paul had said. He had brought his guests from Nice.

Pickering yanked on the brass bell pull that hung by a steel wire through a hole in the house wall.

M. Paul, like a good host, came to admit him. He carried a glass of brown liquor in his right hand, and he wore heavy tweeds, a belted coat, breeches, and hand-knit stockings that hung rather badly.

"Oh!" He shifted the glass to his left hand and held out his right. "You are come?" He was in high spirits. "I have told my friends to expect you. And what think you? They say that there is in this benighted country no such person as a salesman from your New Jersey . . ."

"They say what?" Pickering demanded. The floor was slippery. He balanced where he was.

"Ah, it amuses you, too?" M. Paul held up a shaking fat finger. "It is the civilian clothes," he explained. "They say no business man comes from New Jersey now. So long it is since they saw civilian clothes. It is to laugh!"

"It don't make me laugh," Pickering muttered. He followed his host up the stairs. He had made a mistake in the American business man idea; no time now to correct it.

"The gentlemen play billiards on the upper floor," M. Paul was explaining. "You will accompany me there first? Good, M'sieur Peekrong." He hesitated. "That is the name, no?"

"It'll do," Pickering said. "Won't know myself by that handle."

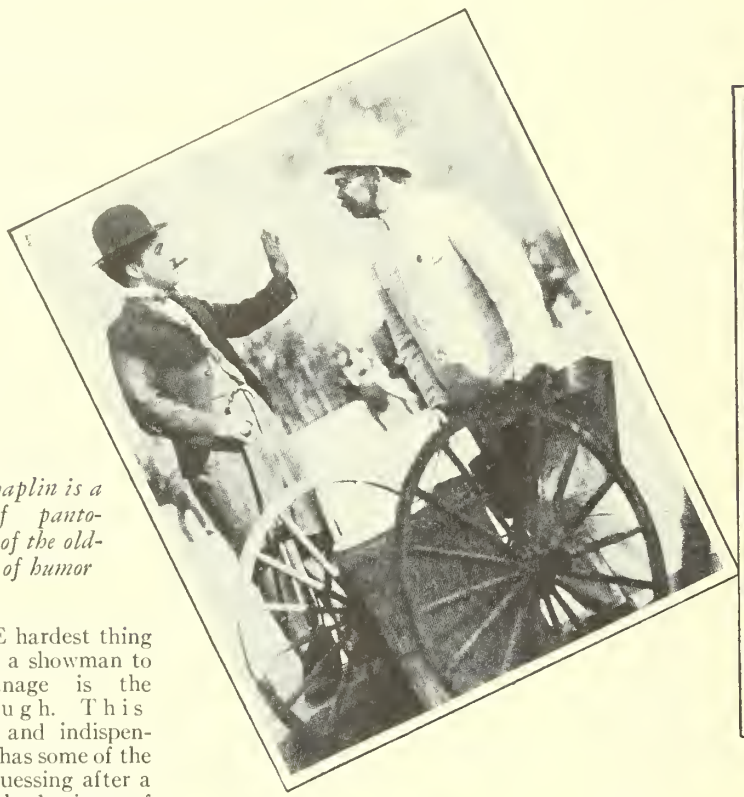
Paul had halted at the second floor. He pointed. "It was from that window I heard the villain last night. I went down, through the kitchen. At the door," he paused (*Continued on page 38*)



"A shadow blocked itself against the window. It moved past, so quietly that it seemed to have glided"

Ask Any Director — A LAUGH

By Jesse



Charlie Chaplin is a master of pantomime, one of the oldest forms of humor



Jack Oakie gets a laugh by staying on his feet after a barrage of dough

THE hardest thing for a showman to manage is the laugh. This treacherous and indispensable factor has some of the best of us guessing after a lifetime in the business of entertainment. Pathos, thrills, mystery, tense drama and even a pleasing combination of qualities that sends an audience away with the warm glow of satisfaction that is the object of the theatre are, by comparison, simple to execute. By comparison, note.

There is more in every comedy situation than meets the eye. We can take a picture in the script and judge with fair accuracy the ultimate possibilities in every particular except humor. This we are never certain of until the long (and costly) road of production has been traveled and the film is shown before a pay audience. Playbacks of individual scenes and projection-room showings of the whole after it has been cut and made ready for release do not tell what we wish to know. It takes an audience that has come to be entertained to decide whether the laugh spots bring laughs or not. And no failure in the realm of film entertainment is more devastating than the laugh that doesn't come off.

Two years ago one of the finest comedians in filmdom made his first talkie. It was an event in the industry. After all the time and money and labor had been spent, the last shot made and the last set struck the film arrived in New York for a projection-room showing to a small and critical cluster of insiders—executives, salesmen, bookers, theatre owners and so on. Although I happened to be present this was not one of our productions and for this reason I do not feel that it would be in good taste to identify it. The actor in question had never made a failure, but we sat there, the little group of us, in that dark, bare projection-room, without music or any of the things that garnish a motion-picture performance, and were dumbfounded. Not a laugh, not a chuckle. What was there to say? The picture was a flop.

So we insiders thought. The country's verdict was otherwise. That picture made two and a half million dollars. Three out of five who read these remarks saw it and the chances are laughed their heads off. And there you are. Laughter *is* contagious. You must have an audience to tell if the germ is there. Our technicians can counterfeit anything—Biblical scenes that would fool Moses—but they can't give us a synthetic audience that will behave like the real thing where comedy is concerned.

Here is a story I like to tell and you will see why: Our comedy, "Sea Legs," with Jack Oakie, came to New York from the Coast, where the studio people were enthusiastic. We had a projection-room showing similar to the one I have just described. I laughed, but laughed alone. I insisted that the picture was funny, but to get a supreme court decision as promptly as possible took the film downstairs to our Paramount Theatre on Broadway to be run in at the conclusion of the midnight show. The audience upheld my judgment and the picture was successful the country over. Am I right?

Yes, laughter is a serious business with us. On the stage a good actor controls his audience. He can start and end laughs almost

The Next Time You Laugh

at a talkie wheeze try to analyze the why. Mr. Lasky, out of the wealth of his experience as a motion-picture producer, reveals that there is no sure-fire formula for producing laughs—that elaborately gagged "business" doesn't always come off successfully, and sometimes comes off too successfully. And when the thing is done, it's not the experts' opinion that counts—it's yours.

He'll Tell You *is* NO JOKE

L. Lasky



Pathos is just as difficult to manage as laughter. Ruth Chatterton does it



Moran and Mack don't need the dog to keep the audience in stitches

at will, varying his performance to suit the temper of different audiences and suspending the dialogue until a laugh is over. Not so in pictures. This gave us a lot of trouble at first and is still a source of concern. You may have noticed in the early talkies that sometimes we would miscalculate the length of a laugh and either the following lines would be drowned out or there would be a dead spot where our people would suspend for a laugh that didn't last as long as we figured on. Just lately after a preview, or tryout before a pay audience, we had to cut a laugh (a tragedy in itself) from "The Royal Family of Broadway" because it was *too good!* It lasted longer than we had anticipated and covered up a "building" line indispensable to a forthcoming dramatic situation.

This picture concerns the famous theatrical family of Cavendish whose members have ornamented the stage for generations. We see *Fanny Cavendish* (Henrietta Crosman) the grandmother, *Julia Cavendish* (Ina Claire) the daughter, and *Gwen* (Mary Brian) the granddaughter. *Gwen* has committed an indiscretion by falling in love with a young business man and a sacrilege by ignoring a stage appointment in order to keep an engagement with him. Her sin is discussed in a lively scene by the family when grandma, something of an old tartar, sums up the whole thing in a nutshell:

"Why, the child's sick!"

The implication that no Cavendish in a healthy state of mind or body could neglect art for love brought a laugh that outlasted our arrangements, blanketing the next line, which lays the foundation for a big dramatic scene. The only remedy was to cut the laugh. Were we as smart as I hope that some day we may be this would have been avoided.

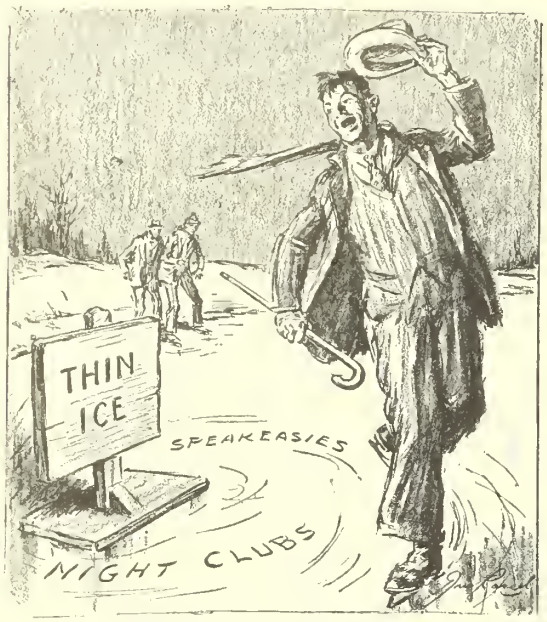
But as matters stand we can never tell for sure when, at what and how long they're going to laugh. Some comedians believe the life of a joke seldom exceeds fourteen days, but Al Herman's line about how to divide three apples equally among four persons (the answer is to make apple sauce) has been in use for eighteen years to my knowledge. Why this should hold out and it-must-have-been-two-other-fellows should go in eighteen months is more than I can say.

The talkies made the funny line, or gag, a part of our stock in trade. The producing companies have a corps of "gag men" thinking them up all the time. A sure-fire formula is reversing English on an accepted saying. This is how Oscar Wilde did it in his epigrams, speaking, for example, of a man who had had a lavish funeral as "dying beyond his means." Groucho Marx is a master of this. In "Animal Crackers" his brother Chico, playing a weird-looking instrument, says how much (*Continued on page 48*)



Charles Ruggles as the drunken reporter telephoning a story to the wrong paper

WHAT INSURANCE ABOUT



If a man spends his spare time in riotous living it is difficult for him to secure insurance

BY JAMES L. HOWARD,
Vice-President,
Travelers Insurance Company,
as told to
Willard Cooper

HOW much is your life worth? That is, how much is your life worth to others, to society? On the answer to this question depends the degree of a man's ability to insure himself. Insurance is protection for the cash value inherent in every human life. The folly of insuring a $5,000 home for $50,000 would be no greater than the folly of insuring a $1,000-a-year laborer for $100,000.

Insurance is no gambling device. It is sold on the same theory which provides us with policemen. We have police for protection. Life insurance is even more necessary as protection, because the value of lives in the United States exceeds by nine or ten times the value of all property. Eighty-five percent of all American estates comes from insurance. The greatest support to the financial structure of this country is insurance.



To protect human values, insurance companies ask you many questions. They ask at least as many more *about* you. They must discover the risks of you. These risks fall naturally under five major classifications: Your present physical status, your family history, your environment, your occupation, and your insurable interest—your value to society.

The first series of questions is easily answered. You answer most of them in a physician's office. He sees for himself if you are subject to high blood pressure, if you have obscure symptoms. Have you a hernia? A bad eye? Are you deaf? Have you ever had epilepsy, tuberculosis, diabetes, any disease of the brain or nervous system, or any of the social diseases? How old are you? (The older you are, the higher your premiums must be.)

These are questions familiar to most people. In effect, they dispose of your immediate physical well being. If your answers are not satisfactory, you cannot be insured.

Then they go into your family history, but not too much. If your physical condition is on the border line between acceptance and rejection, the longevity of your parents may assume more weight. You will be asked about these things. But your own answers may not be accepted; vital statistics are available elsewhere.

While less palpable, the other risks may be far more important than those implied by your health or your inherited tendency toward disease. Your physical status dictates only one phase of your insurability. In most companies, I believe, the insurable interest of a policy-holder's beneficiaries arouses a more comprehensive series of questions. These questions dictate the amount of insurance a man may carry, and the kind. If the word "beneficiary" cannot literally be applied, insurance cannot be granted. And there must be a certain amount of need as well as a large degree of benefit. It is distinctly unethical and generally illegal for any company to grant insurance that does not fulfill a necessity.



For example, in our own company we would not write a policy on the King of England naming an American as beneficiary. No American would suffer financial loss through the King's death. Yet it would be ethical and justifiable for Lloyd's to write a policy for 1,000,000 pounds on the King, naming Harrod's great store in London as beneficiary. Harrod's carries an immense stock of feminine apparel. If the King dies, England goes into mourning. If England goes into mourning, most of Harrod's stock immediately becomes worthless.

Of course, you have an insurable interest in yourself. But that's what endowment policies are for, and the policies which guarantee a sort of pension during your later life. But here I am discussing principally the policies taken as precaution against the penalties of death. Invariably—even when you seek insurance as a means of saving—we seek assurance that there will be a constant reason for maintaining the policy.

These reasons will be, most typically, your wife and children. "Straight life" policies are not for bachelors. The exception would be for the bachelor whose continued services are essential to the management of a corporation or a partnership. These considerations do not apply, however, to most of us. It is for the family that most policies are written. Yet they cannot ethically be written indiscriminately, even within the family. What is proper for the father may be unjustifiable for his wife or for any of his children. We must learn the insurable interest of the beneficiaries.

Contrary to what is perhaps general belief, this interest is lacking when a father—the ordinary father—seeks to insure his children for large amounts.

There was a time when a father expected his sons to support him in his old age. For good or for bad, that tradition is departed. "This new generation" is seldom necessary to the generation of parents. So, when we ask "Is the father a proper beneficiary for his son?" the answer generally is "No."

It is sometimes advisable for a father to insure his son by an endowment policy maturing when the child shall be ready for college. We must ask, "Who will die first, in all probability? The insured or the beneficiary?" If the father dies first, as is probable, the policy may expire. It is better for the father himself to insure. While he lives, he has the ability to continue the premiums. If

WANTS TO KNOW YOU

he dies, the son receives the principal; his education is assured—"insured." This is enlightened generosity.

Similarly, comparatively few women can answer definitely questions about the insurable interest of their beneficiaries. We ordinarily do not accept insurance on a wife in excess of the amount her husband carries. I have been asked. "Why can't I insure my wife? She is very precious to me."

You can, but sentimental values cannot be fixed by any actuary. Physical values, financial values, are more apparent. Wives who do not contribute to the income of their households are entitled only to a moderate amount. The working wife, who goes every day to business, may be an exception. So with the dynamic business woman who is unmarried; she may have dependents of her own. No insurance man would be brutal enough to say that a housewife can be replaced; he can only say that the housework still could be done. And the husband who would insure his wife merely because she is a drudge might himself be a bad moral risk.



Even less apparent than the problems of insurable interest are the problems of environment. By this I do not mean locality. Insurance is sold on a basis of absolute democracy. We charge the same premiums to a man living next to the gas house that we charge the man living in a mansion on the hill. Rates are identical from coast to coast, from the Gulf to the Lakes. Our tests have more to do with associations than with habitat.

An illustration: There is a man in Connecticut who apparently represents the ideal "risk." He is forty years old. (Parenthetically, that is a good age in which to buy insurance. The company will prefer you to a man of twenty-one. Habits have been formed, income is more or less standardized, dependents probably have been acquired, with an insurable interest in the policy-holder.) This man's income is approximately $5,000 a year. He is principal of a high school, an educated gentleman with an adequate knowledge of and appreciation for hygiene. He comes from typical Connecticut Yankee stock, of a slat-like wiriness that is conducive to long life. He exercises regularly, but not too much. Barring impromptu contact with a locomotive, he may be expected to live another forty years.

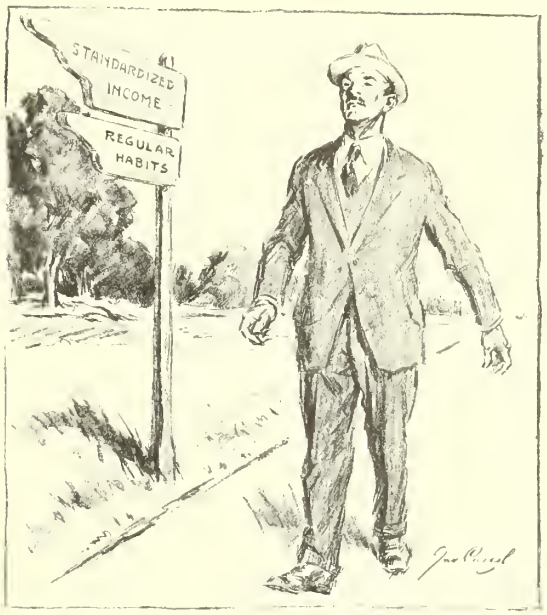
But if it should be discovered that he is an amateur bacteriologist, that he spends most of his spare time in a laboratory of his own surrounded by little vials; that these vials contain disease germs; that a slight accident might inoculate him with some dreadful disease: the risk would not look so good.

Insurance, to learn about your environment, must be inquisitive about your habits and your hobbies, how you sleep, what you eat.

Roughly, this inquisitiveness parallels that of a banker confronted by the applicant for a loan. Have you a reputation for being "bad pay?" Insurance can afford no elaborate collection agencies. The margin of profit is too slim. If a policy is to be mutually profitable, it must be bought with intent of permanence. The premiums must be continued.

How does the applicant spend his leisure? Not many disabilities discovered by this question are so commendable as that of the high school principal I have mentioned. Yet there is a certain amount of risk in every hobby. It is possible for a man to drink himself to death. Known rakes are impossible risks.

Do you spend your spare time in speakeasies and night clubs? Then it becomes at least difficult for you to secure insurance.



Forty is a good insurance buying age. The company will prefer you to a man of twenty-one.

Cartoons by John Cassel

Moderation in all things is a good test as well as a good rule. It is possible to be too athletic. If, for example, an amateur boxer carries his hobby to excess, indulges in long, hard fights, giving and taking knockout blows repeatedly, he becomes as bad a prospect as the professional prizefighter, who seldom can get any insurance at all. In these days, an aviator who is not a stunt flier, and therefore totally ineligible, can buy insurance at a fixed premium above the standard rate. The owner of a plane, who makes repeated hops for business or recreational purposes, must pay the same added rate.

Not long ago our company investigated to discover mathematically if it paid to examine into the moral and environmental risks involved in small policies. The result was conclusive evidence that it did pay.

Today, we are virtually impartial in the degree of our investigations. Whether you are insured for $1,000 or for $100,000, the extent of our knowledge of you is about the same. There would be less reason to investigate the insurable interest of beneficiaries in a small policy, and we might also assume that the policy-holder would not court undue danger on the polo field, but the moral hazards would be as worthy of inquiry.

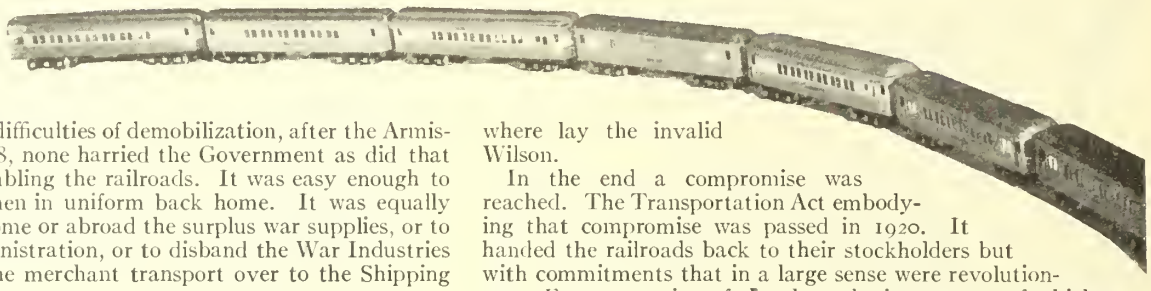
On your occupation may depend the size of the premiums you are asked to pay. Rates increase with the hazards of occupation.

Most readers of this magazine will be curious about the hazards of war. On this subject we ask virtually no questions. We accept army and navy officers as very good risks indeed. Unless they happen to be in the air corps, when they must pay the regular premiums of other aviators not disqualified by stunt flying, they are generally accepted at the standard minimum rate. Submarine officers must pay the rate asked of flying officers in the Navy.



But here questions sometimes arise. I have heard of a submarine officer who was detached from his boat and given shore duty. As soon as he got ashore, he received a policy at the standard rate. The company investigated, discovered that his shore duty in all probability would last two years. (*Continued on page 52*)

This CONSOLIDA



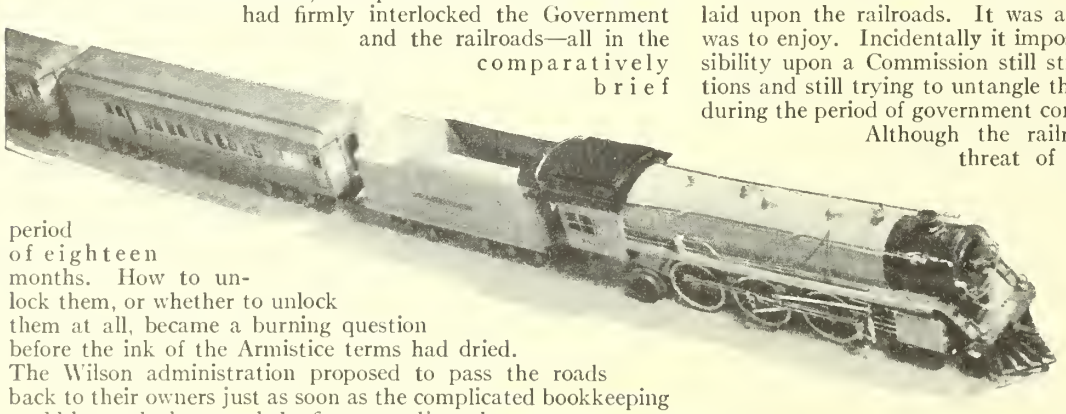
OF ALL the difficulties of demobilization, after the Armistice in 1918, none harried the Government as did that of unscrambling the railroads. It was easy enough to send the men in uniform back home. It was equally easy to market at home or abroad the surplus war supplies, or to junk the Food Administration, or to disband the War Industries Board, or to turn the merchant transport over to the Shipping Board.

Those things involved much economic disorder and dislocation. It was inevitable that they should. But at the time they presented no profoundly serious problems. The men would soon resume their old pursuits, it was reasoned. The materials somehow would be disposed of. Money matters, except perhaps the foreign loans, could be worked out. War-time organizations, overflowing the gigantic human warehouses in Washington, could be quickly dissolved.

Such magic (if that is the word) could not be practiced upon the railroads, however. By a sweeping mandate they had been drawn together into a single colossal continental system. The 400-odd lines had been merged into one. The familiar lettering on all cars, figuratively speaking, had been blotted out. Tracks, terminals, gateways, along with all types of equipment, had been put to common use. Management in every quarter headed up to a Director General—a veritable transportation czar—sitting behind a polished desk in Washington.

This Boss Supreme had readjusted virtually all prevailing freight and passenger rates. He had loaded upon the carriers increased wages all along the line. He had expended hundreds of millions of dollars on improvements, betterments, rolling stock, whatnot, and charged it to the roads. He had loaned them other hundreds of millions out of the Federal Treasury and, as a counter obligation, he had guaranteed the carriers a fair fixed return based upon their previous earnings.

In other words, this process of "nationalization" had firmly interlocked the Government and the railroads—all in the comparatively brief period of eighteen months. How to unlock them, or whether to unlock them at all, became a burning question before the ink of the Armistice terms had dried. The Wilson administration proposed to pass the roads back to their owners just as soon as the complicated bookkeeping could be worked out and the finances adjusted.



The owners wanted their property. They demanded it as a right. But there were powerful and articulate interests that resisted. These interests, including many labor organizations, set up a violent clamor for government ownership. They pointed to the manifest blessings of a single great system—higher wages, more equitable rate structures, improved service—all a matter of wartime experience, they argued. And it must be added that all those who joined in that demand were not laborites or political radicals.

For a full year Congress was in the throes of indecision regarding a railroad policy. One element, as already indicated, pulled hard for government ownership. Another pulled just as hard against it or anything like it. Still a third element sought some middle ground that would satisfy the need for stronger transportation units without having to surrender the advantages of private control and operation. Nor did Congress through all the long fight have even a measure of guidance from the White House where lay the invalid Wilson.

In the end a compromise was reached. The Transportation Act embodying that compromise was passed in 1920. It handed the railroads back to their stockholders but with commitments that in a large sense were revolutionary. For one section of that law, the importance of which can scarcely be exaggerated, provided for the voluntary consolidation of the rail lines of the continental United States into a limited number of regional systems. In taking that long step it should be borne in mind that Congress deliberately reversed an anti-trust policy which, since the Northern Securities decision, had stood squarely in the way of the merger of competing carriers.

This reversal may have been bold and radical. Undoubtedly it was both. But it was defended on the ground that it made possible the capitalization of proved benefits—joint use of terminals, elimination of unnecessarily long hauls and the lessening of destructive competition, among them—without resort to government ownership or any other form of railway nationalization.

Eleven years have now passed since the Transportation Act was written upon the statute books. It has been a period of disappointments and delayed results. Government ownership agitation has subsided, to be sure. That much has been achieved. And from the standpoint of most conservatives, that is a monumental triumph. But of actual consolidations of the sort contemplated by the framers of the bill, there have been comparatively few. Three systems have been set up—by piecemeal processes in each instance—and some minor mergers have been authorized. Concretely speaking, that is all.

Be it remembered that under existing law no absorption of one railroad by another, whether competitive or not, may legally be accomplished without the specific approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That was a restriction which Congress laid upon the railroads. It was a safeguard which the public was to enjoy. Incidentally it imposed a new and heavy responsibility upon a Commission still struggling with railway valuations and still trying to untangle the rate system put into effect during the period of government control.

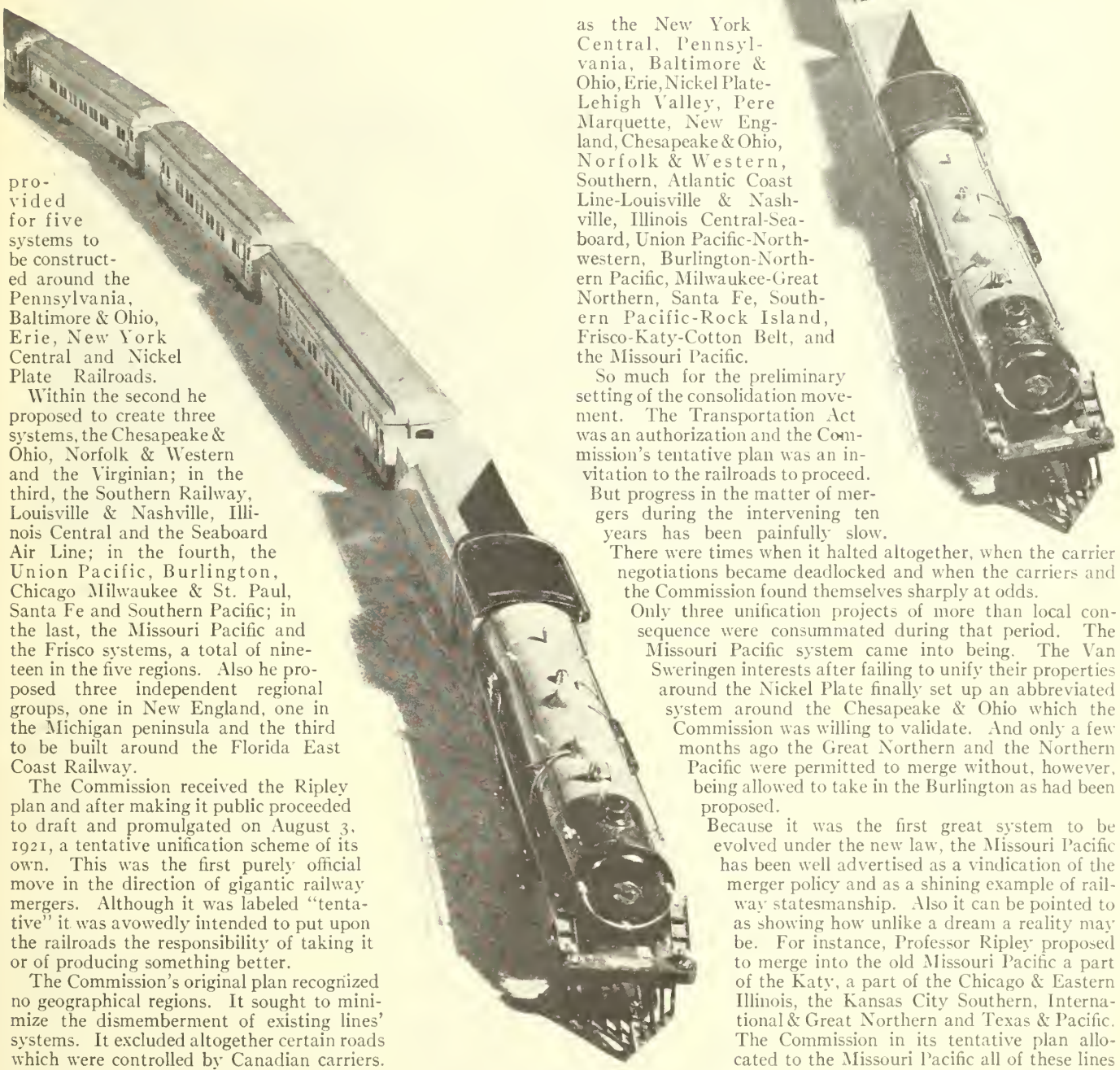
Although the railroads were relieved of the threat of government ownership and were further relieved to see the Government retire from the field of inland transportation, they were slow to seize the opportunity for voluntary consolidations which the new law afforded. They cautiously held back, each watching the other and all of them watching the Commission. Perhaps they felt that either their new freedom was too good to be true or too true to be good.

The Commission on its part was a little less demure. The law had directed that body to prepare and publish a "tentative plan" of consolidations integrating the railroads into a limited number of systems, the number and composition of each to be determined by the Commission. This plan was to serve as a basis for negotiations between the carriers themselves and was to indicate in a broad way what the Commission might be expected to approve.

Before proceeding under that authority, however, Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard University was engaged to suggest a plan of rail unification. This he did after many months of study. He arbitrarily divided the country into five transportation regions, to wit: the Trunk Line Region, Chesapeake Bay -Lakes Region, Southeastern Region, Western Continental Region and the Gulf Region. Within the first of these regions he

TION BUSINESS

By J. Frederick Essary



provided for five systems to be constructed around the Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Erie, New York Central and Nickel Plate Railroads.

Within the second he proposed to create three systems, the Chesapeake & Ohio, Norfolk & Western and the Virginian; in the third, the Southern Railway, Louisville & Nashville, Illinois Central and the Seaboard Air Line; in the fourth, the Union Pacific, Burlington, Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul, Santa Fe and Southern Pacific; in the last, the Missouri Pacific and the Frisco systems, a total of nineteen in the five regions. Also he proposed three independent regional groups, one in New England, one in the Michigan peninsula and the third to be built around the Florida East Coast Railway.

The Commission received the Ripley plan and after making it public proceeded to draft and promulgated on August 3, 1921, a tentative unification scheme of its own. This was the first purely official move in the direction of gigantic railway mergers. Although it was labeled "tentative" it was avowedly intended to put upon the railroads the responsibility of taking it or of producing something better.

The Commission's original plan recognized no geographical regions. It sought to minimize the dismemberment of existing lines' systems. It excluded altogether certain roads which were controlled by Canadian carriers. As in the case of the Ripley plan, the new scheme was confined to Class 1 railroads, but notice was given that the so-called "short lines" were not to be left out in the cold. Unlike the Ripley plan, the three independent groups were discarded and all the rail lines were to be absorbed into the nineteen systems.

To put it briefly, the Commission by the stroke of a pen, so to speak, proposed to merge nearly 400 railroads operating more than 250,000 miles of line into nineteen systems to be designated as the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Erie, Nickel Plate-Lehigh Valley, Pere Marquette, New England, Chesapeake & Ohio, Norfolk & Western, Southern, Atlantic Coast Line-Louisville & Nashville, Illinois Central-Seaboard, Union Pacific-Northwestern, Burlington-Northern Pacific, Milwaukee-Great Northern, Santa Fe, Southern Pacific-Rock Island, Frisco-Katy-Cotton Belt, and the Missouri Pacific.

So much for the preliminary setting of the consolidation movement. The Transportation Act was an authorization and the Commission's tentative plan was an invitation to the railroads to proceed. But progress in the matter of mergers during the intervening ten years has been painfully slow. There were times when it halted altogether, when the carrier negotiations became deadlocked and when the carriers and the Commission found themselves sharply at odds.

Only three unification projects of more than local consequence were consummated during that period. The Missouri Pacific system came into being. The Van Sweringen interests after failing to unify their properties around the Nickel Plate finally set up an abbreviated system around the Chesapeake & Ohio which the Commission was willing to validate. And only a few months ago the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific were permitted to merge without, however, being allowed to take in the Burlington as had been proposed.

Because it was the first great system to be evolved under the new law, the Missouri Pacific has been well advertised as a vindication of the merger policy and as a shining example of railway statesmanship. Also it can be pointed to as showing how unlike a dream a reality may be. For instance, Professor Ripley proposed to merge into the old Missouri Pacific a part of the Katy, a part of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, the Kansas City Southern, International & Great Northern and Texas & Pacific. The Commission in its tentative plan allocated to the Missouri Pacific all of these lines except the Katy and added the Mexico & Orient, Fort Smith & Western, Louisiana & Arkansas and the Gulf Coast Lines. But when the merger actually took place it included the original Missouri Pacific, the Gulf Coast Lines, the Texas & Pacific, the International & Great Northern and a half interest in the Denver & Rio Grande, the other half being held by an ally, the Western Pacific. Twenty short lines were added to the system, however, by an order which was issued by the Commission on June 2d of last year. (*Continued on page 34*)

When MR. BAKER MADE WAR



Leave takings like this of a husband and father off for the war in a draft increment were multiplied by the hundreds of thousands. For the knockout blow the nation mobilized in its Army, Navy and Marine Corps 4,727,988 men

By Frederick Palmer

AFTER a moneyless two months, in which leaders of welfare societies dependent upon public subscriptions were better off than War Department leaders who were buying equipment and food for the soldiers, the military appropriation bill went to the conference of the two houses the first week in June. Then, just as discussion of the bill seemed to have been exhausted, it was revived over an amendment that all soldiers should be discharged within four months of the end of the war.

Baker was insistently appealing to the heads of Congressional committees against so serious a mistake. His reasons, which are obvious now in recollection of the two million men in France and the time it took to bring them all home, seemed visionary to many at the time when Pershing had not yet reached France.

"It might work very great hardship on the soldiers and very great embarrassment to the Government," he wrote to Representative Swagar Sherley, Democrat of Kentucky. "We might, for instance, have a very large force in France, and the possibility of returning soldiers to this country would be limited, of course, to the transportation facilities available for that purpose. The effect of the amendment, however, would be to cause their automatic discharge from the military service of the United States, leave those who were unable to be transported home disorganized and out of the service, and therefore out of the pay of the federal Government in a strange land."

However, the argument carried little weight to Congressmen who were weary of the everlasting War Department talk of provision for an immense army when we were supposed to send only a division to "show the flag in France." Senator Martin telephoned that the only way to prevent a deadlock was to qualify the four months with "as soon thereafter as the force could be transported."

"I do not like this," Baker wrote to the President, but the only thing to do was to accept it to hasten the passage of the appropriation bill, when every day's delay was crippling preparations, and as Baker remarked, philosophically, remedial action could be taken to meet an emergency.

SOME of the talk in Congress was anything but sympathetic and helpful to the War Department chiefs and the dollar-a-year men who had been playing a patriotic part in risking bankruptcy and jail. Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, in having his say was speaking the views of many of his colleagues, Democrats and Republicans. On June 13th he wrote to Baker asking for the "following information about the Advisory Board of the Council of National Defense." I quote the first nine items on which he sought information:

1. The number and names of each and every contract let by the Government since the establishment of the Council of National Defense.

2. The names and post office addresses of the persons, firms, or corporations to whom or to which contracts were let.

3. The amounts of each contract and the amounts of commission or compensation for each contractor. If it is not possible to give the exact amounts, then the estimated amounts of contracts and commissions.

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4. A concise statement of the terms and subject matter of each contract.

5. The names and post office addresses of each officer, agent, or representative, or employe of the advisory board of the Council of National Defense having connection with such persons, firms, or corporations to whom or to which contracts were let, if any.

6. The nature of the interest, direct or indirect, of any officer, agent, or employe of the Council of National Defense or its advisory board in any one of the contracting corporations.

7. The location of each contracting party, and if he or it has more than one office, the location of such offices.

8. The financial standing of each contracting party.

9. Full and concise information as to the methods which were pursued in the letting of contracts.

to Daniel Willard, Bernard Baruch, and other chiefs of the Advisory Commission, who also sent polite replies. But Samuel Gompers was not so pleasant. The veteran labor leader was indignant as a dollar-a-year man loyal to his colleagues and to labor in common effort. He said that he would not attempt to reply in detail, but he did inform the Senator that "on no committee of public work can be found so large a number of men and women of a high order of intelligence, giving such complete, whole-hearted, voluntary service as on the committees and sub-committees of the Council of National Defense," with their thousands and thousands of members organized in every State of the Union, whose integrity the Senator had questioned.

As a last resort, all that the industrial leaders could say was that obviously Walter S. Gifford, director of the Council of National Defense and Advisory Commission, was the final receiver of the buck in this, as in other instances of the kind. Statistician though he was, he seems to have foregone even attempting the first instalment of a report whose total volume would have swamped the desks of all Senator McKellar's colleagues as well as his own, to the floor of the Senate galleries. Everyone would have been so busy reporting what he had done so far that he would have had no time to do anything further to carry on the war. All typists and typewriters of the land would have been wholly occupied answering the Senator's questions leaving none to record further contracts or conduct business correspondence. It is not reported that Baker, or McKellar either, lost any sleep over the matter, as each was acting in the line of his duty as he saw it.

On June 15th, three days after Pershing's arrival in Paris and three weeks before he called for the million men, all the conspirators in law-breaking to raise, shelter and equip a million men, knew that for the present they were out of danger of jail. The bill had been passed and had the President's signature, although McKellar still pressed his ques-



A mobilization on the home front. The war reached right into the household and through the Food Administration enlisted American women in the fight against waste of foodstuffs. There were meatless days in the homes, restaurants rationed the sugar for their patrons, and "Food will win the war" was an effective slogan

In all there were twenty-six items. The Senator had studied his subject thoroughly. He had overlooked no detail about contracts, from cantonments and ordnance to typewriters. In his general remarks, following the numbered items, he wanted to know if all the agents, employes, and everybody having anything to do with contracts, were taking the oath, and why the Quartermaster Corps should not do everything under the old competitive system as provided by the law.

Baker's answer was respectful, as ever, to Congressional authority; for a Senator had a right to ask questions of the executive branches of the Government. Baker would take the matter up with the Council at the earliest possible date, and people would be set at work as soon as possible to carry out the Senator's wishes. However, he remarked that the "collection of the information you desire, owing to the enormous volume of documents requested, indicates that this will necessarily be a task of great magnitude"—when contracts under war's spur had been made for about every kind of thing America produces and many never contemplated in peace time production.

McKellar followed this up with letters



Getting his shot in the arm before he gets his uniform. Typhoid fever, which in all previous wars had taken a tremendous toll of lives, was no problem in the World War



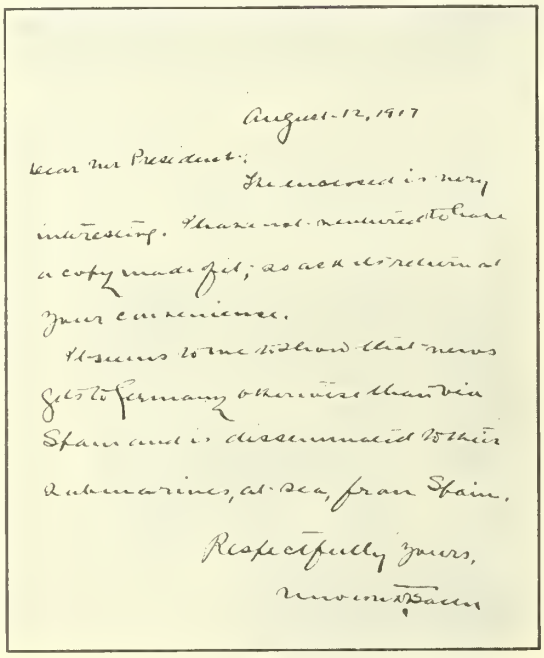
A wartime picture of Major General Douglas MacArthur, who as a major made the remark in Secretary Baker's office that caused the 42d to be called the Rainbow Division. MacArthur after the war became Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point and is now Chief of Staff of the Army

tionnaire, and a small section of Congress kept up its fire of criticism in which, one day, some members were gallantly to acknowledge that they had been in error.

Congress was deep in the war, but it had still held strictly to its prerogative of ear-marking appropriations for the specific objects for which they were to be spent, when any day the fluctuation of military tactics, of policy, and of the Allies' fortunes might make demands for new war material which was not on the list. Baker had written to General Hugh L. Scott when the bill went into conference:

"It gives us a lot of money but leaves us tied up by all sorts of restrictions and specifications which we ought not to have to deal with in war time. Somehow or other it is difficult for Congress to realize that in war things happen quickly, and many swift decisions have to be made. They are still apparently under the impression that they can make itemized and detailed appropriations, and that the War Department ought to be able to get along with the old routine in doing unroutine things."

Congress had not been niggardly when at last it opened its pursestrings. It had done the generous thing rather in the conviction that this would be the final appropriation when it had reasons on the surface for thinking that the war would soon be over. Even the President might be thinking so in the middle of June, in view of the Allied situation of the moment.



August 12, 1917

Dear Mr President:

The enclosed is very interesting. I have not returned the copy you gave me, as I do not know at your convenience.

It seems to me that news gets to Germany otherwise than via Spain and is disseminated to the submarines, at sea, from Spain.

Respectfully yours,

Newton D. Baker

WITH their strength still massed on the Western front after the Verdun offensive in February, March, and April, 1916, the Germans had resisted the first great offensive of the new British army in the long summer attrition of the Somme, while the Allies were cheered by the new recruit, Rumania, which had entered the War in August, 1916. Just as Italy had been encouraged, and America was to be, by the Allies, Rumania was told that her weight would be decisive on the side she favored. So another army was to have its baptism of fire. Dreaming of glory and territorial aggrandizement in the final winning stroke, the Rumanians, in a quixotic confidence that was above advice, took the field in a futile offensive against Germany's delaying tactics. When Hindenburg gave the word, and the German vise closed in in December, 1916, the Rumanian army was crushed.

But Rumania had consumed German divisions and time, and helped to draw off German forces from the Western front. So 1917 was to be the Allies' year on the Western front. The British new army, now a veteran army in the height of its power and numbers, amply provided with munitions, had been blooded for victory. The French were in Napoleonic mood at the prospect of repeating on a broader scale the tactics by which Nivelle had scaled the Verdun heights and retaken Fort Douaumont. It was almost incredible, a wonderful augury of success, when the Germans on the Western front fell back in February from the Somme region, where in 1916 they had contested every inch of ground, to the elaborate defenses which received the name of the Hindenburg Line.

Here was prospective retribution for British veterans, while the devastation of the land, which the Germans in retreat had stripped of trees along the roads between the villages called for vengeance in further retribution to steel the spirit of the French and British soldiers. The British pressed hard on the German retreat, surprising rear-guards, who had believed that their retreat would not be hurried. Nivelle's French offensive sent its glowing reports of early success, which received its check before we entered the war, while Pershing, who was to learn the full truth of effect on French morale, was still in Mexico.

But, after Nivelle's repulse the British had good news from Mesopotamia. King Constantine, the stumbling block of Allied policy in the Eastern Mediterranean, had been exiled from Greece. Things were generally looking up for Serbia. While the French army settled back in its trenches, the British new army was to make its supreme effort in Flanders. The thunders of its two thousand guns were loosed in the Passchendaele offensive, which British stubbornness determined to prolong to a decision. The early reports, in keeping with the habits of early reports of offensives, told of gains that promised eventual great results.



Quartermaster General Henry G. Sharpe had the responsibility for erection of the cantonments that made civilians into soldiers, sometimes in a few weeks. Left, a Baker note to the President accompanying data on the activities of German spies in this country

Italy, too, was making her supreme effort. Cadorna had taken 24,000 Austrian prisoners in the first phase of his offensive. The second phase might break through to the goal of Italy's dreams, Trieste. The hope of a recreated Russia under the new republican régime, which would repeat the national fervor of the French Revolution, seemed to be realized in action, as the harangues of the passionate young Kerensky breathed initiative into the Russian army.

Except for the failure of Nivelle, the common Allied offensive plan of 1917 appeared in June, 1917, to be succeeding on all fronts. At the same time Austria was yielding Alpine heights, which were the barriers to Trieste, she was retreating on another flank before the Russian advance. In the first phase of the offensive by Brusilov's army on June 29th, three days before the arri-

val of our first contingent of troops in France, it had taken eighteen thousand prisoners, and then seven thousand on July 7th, the day after Pershing, who had become more familiar with the actual state of the French army and the British and Italian offensives than members of Congress, had called for a million men.

From Germany came further reports of threatening revolution as more good news for the Allies. The liberal bloc seemed to have unhorsed the military hierarchy and made Michaelis chancellor. German delegates were showing eagerness for the pacifist international Socialist conference at Stockholm. The public saw the German army as nowhere on the offensive. If, in the course of the attrition at Passchendaele, one British battalion was left when the last German battalion was destroyed, that was victory. According to Italian and Russian communiqués, the Austrian army, under the Russian and Italian hammering, seemed actually at the breaking point. With Germany having no steel to spare to stiffen the Austrian government's backbone, no good news to cheer her dispirited battalions, or shock battalions to hasten to their support, that separate peace with Austria-Hungary, which had been the diplomatic lure of peace which kept us from declaration of war against the dual empire, seemed to be in sight. Pershing's confidential telegram asking for a million men might yet be a curiosity in the archives. A few troops to show the flag in France might be enough. All our War Department preparations might cease suddenly, and the State Department would again assume the stellar role in the old State, War and Navy building. But there was no thought of cessation, not by the Secretary of War or the President, even when hope of a speedy end of the struggle again appeared at the White House. Our potential military power had become a strong card in any negotiations.



David F. Houston, wartime Secretary of Agriculture, under whose direction vacant lots all over the country blossomed out as vegetable gardens

The President was his own Secretary of State. He who had spoken for "peace without victory" had had his hand on the pulse of peoples and foreign offices, rather than on war offices, for the three years that the struggle in Europe had raged. It was in this period, just after Pershing arrived in Paris, that he refused the appeal of our "associates" in the war to join in an inter-Allied conference in Paris. Both Admiral Sims and General Pershing were told not to be present at the conference officially, even for the discussion of strictly military problems with the Allied commanders. Pershing had himself at the time thought that this was not advisable, but of course he met the commanders informally.

Again, what promised to be the reins of negotiations were only shadows slipping from the President's hands in the course of war's swift changes, of which European parliaments had had such acute experience, and to which our Congress was yet to be introduced. For Passchendaele, by the first of August, was becoming a bloodier Somme. A Balkan offensive might be recorded as another unfulfilled promise. Germany's military party was in complete control of the new as well as the old chancellor. Stockholm's Socialist conference appeared as another blind, this time in support of Russian Bolshevism. The exaltation in which Italian imagination had ascended the last of the heights overlooking Trieste collapsed into the shadow of the valleys which held her dead on the wrong side of the barrier to the goal. Cadorna and the Italian statesmen were alarmed at the national discontent over nothing gained but the broken fragments of the dream which had been won at such heavy cost.



Uncle Sam applying the stethoscope to determine how much of the war profits of industry he should reserve to himself. From a contemporary cartoon in the New York American



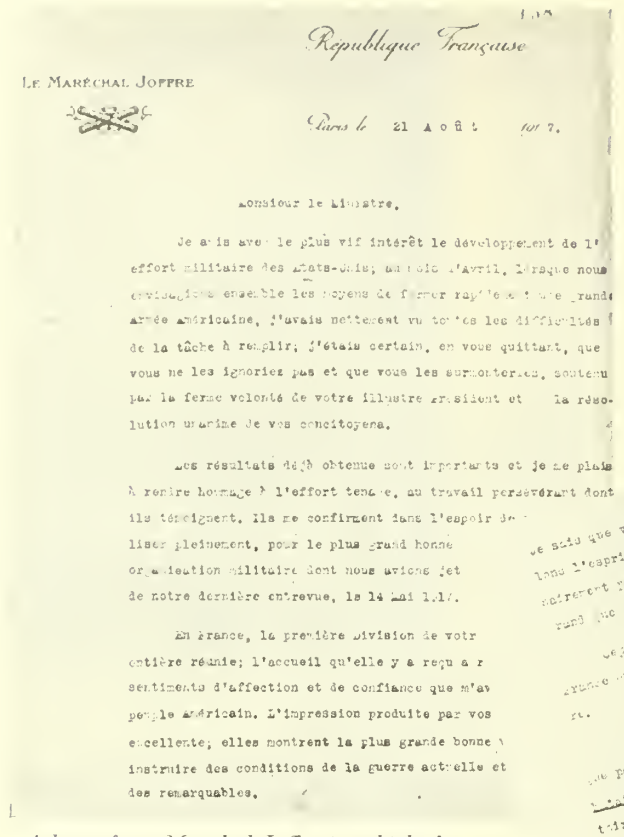
General Palmer Pierce, the Army's representative on the War Industries Board

On July 18th Kerensky was hastening back to Petrograd to face the first Bolshevik attack. M. Cambon, of the French foreign office, may have known of this on the 20th when he appealed to Pershing personally to join his government in the conference in Paris of Allied statesmen and commanders, but he could not have known that on the same day Bolshevist poison had broken out in a fever of insubordination among Brusilov's soldiers, who became a rabble in retreat, while Austrian cavalry rode over the ground the Russians had gained as readily as if by invitation.

Germany held fast at Passchendaele. She was not pressing the Russians in front to disturb the progress of internal demoralization; her armies seemed to have lost their initiative. Action in that third year of the war, which was to have been the decisive year, seemed to have died down except in that little section of Flanders where Haig kept up his hammering. In face of the war weariness which seemed to have reached a stalemate in clotted blood, another essayed to grasp the reins of peace which had again been but illusive shadows for the presidential hand.

The Pope, who had hopelessly looked on at the slaughter among Christians, and possibly influenced by the depression and misery in Italy and Austria, whose Catholic peoples were near his heart, issued his peace note under date of August 1st, but it was not published until the middle of the month. He proposed consideration of concrete terms of peace by the belligerents: the demolition of armaments; freedom of the seas; international arbitration; mutual condonation of war damages; restitution of occupied territory; and a liberal attitude toward Armenian, Polish, and Balkan claims of racial autonomy.

British open scorn of the note was as strong as Ludendorff's personally, while the German foreign office, after leisurely consideration, expressed itself in receptive mood, on the ground that Germany had drawn her sword only for the right. But there was no uncertain tone in his touch on the keys as President Wilson beat out his reply on the typewriter in his study. The Covenanter spirit of that scholar of controversy at Princeton and in his public life was aroused. The high cheek bones and the jaw of the County Antrim ancestry



A letter from Marshal Joffre in which the hero of the Marne, writing to Baker in August, 1917, foresees the American Army getting into the fighting in the spring of 1918, when "it will contribute powerfully to the final victory"

stood out as emboldened as it had against the "wilful men" of the Senate:

"It is manifest that no part of this program can be successfully carried out unless the restitution of the *status quo ante* furnishes a satisfactory basis for it. The object of the war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from an irresponsible government . . . which chose its time for war; delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly; stopped at no barrier of law or mercy; swept a whole continent within the tide of blood—not the blood of soldiers only, but the blood of innocent women and children also, the enemy of four-fifths of the world. This power is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people. It is no business of ours how this great people came under its control and submitted to its temporary zest, to the domination of its purpose; but it is our business to see to it that the rest of the world is no longer left to its handling. To deal with such a power by way of peace upon the plan proposed by His Holiness the Pope would, so far as we can see, involve a recuperation of its strength and a renewal of its policy; would make it necessary to create a permanent hostile combination of the nations against the German people who are its instruments."

This was one of the landmarks among the speeches and pronouncements of war statesmen, which were tuned to the hour's demand as the rallying cries to the wills and passions of peoples. Some were to read strangely ten years later after peace's swift changes, when another kind of czardom had taken the place of the old in Russia and the new republics of the old Central Powers had as neighbors a dictatorship in re-created Poland, and Italy was under her iron man, who had struck the ballot from Italian hands as being the foible of outworn democracy.

The President's clarion note was hailed as a mighty warrior's message in the same quarters abroad that had vented its ridicule and disappointment over his "too proud to fight." It made the spokesman of our national power, of the Allies' will and war aims, the great man of the world, which hung on his utterances as on those of no other man. The destiny which had called to Wilson as peace-maker had provided that only victory at arms could place the actual reins of negotiation in his hand. The astute minds of diplomacy and the cunning minds of propaganda saw his note as a masterstroke, not only in strengthening Allied morale but also in cutting under the enemy's by appealing to the German people past their military masters. Wilson had also become a mighty figure to the Germans as he had the only power which might insure their defeat after the collapse of the summer's Allied offensives. The note rallied flagging Allied spirits from Scotland to Sicily, summoned hesitant neutrals to champion the winning side, and reminded Americans remote from the seaboard that their fortunes were cast in with those of the dwellers in the valleys of the Thames, the Seine, and the Tiber.



Alexander Kerensky became the head of the Russian government when the revolution forced the abdication of the Czar. Kerensky sought to continue the war against the Central Powers, but was overthrown by the Bolsheviki

Only two things were needed now to put us deep in the war: first, American casualties, and then something of that sense of national danger which Britain, France, and Italy were feeling.

The President might be his own Secretary of State, but he was not his own Secretary of War. The lectures on administration by Professor Wilson to which student Baker had listened at Johns Hopkins had not dwelt on war administration; and student Baker sitting at the end of Miss Ashton's boarding house table listening to the words of wisdom of the great man to all who took his course, was just another pupil to Wilson.

They had not met again until they spoke from the same platform in the canvass for delegates from Massachusetts to the Democratic National Convention of 1912. However, had President Wilson tried to follow student Baker in applied science and mechanics, he would have been in a world where inclination and understanding did not make the disciple of Walter Bagehot as much at home as in the studies of parliamentary systems. The evolution of the relations of the President and his Secretary of War is clearly written in the letters between them.

Baker had decided on the expedition in pursuit

of Villa out of hand on the day he was sworn in, when he had said to the reporters that he was there to do what the President told him to do. He was mindful, as every Cabinet officer must have been, that the President was always thinking of his role of peacemaker and how to shape out of the elements of international slaughter sanctions which would prevent its repetition. Baker said:

"I do not know when the President first had the League of Nations in mind. From the time I went to Washington until we were nearly in the war, the President gave me the idea, although I could not quote anything he said, that to him the function of the United States was to be the peacemaker and that the idea of intervening in the war was the last thought he had in the world. It was just not in the range of his mind."

After our entry into the war Baker was at first making recommendations, subject to the President's approval, or revision, or waiting on his directions after a situation was stated. His subordinates noted that Baker kept the President's recent letters in a drawer of his desk so that he could constantly refer to them. The total became very large before the war was over.

As the task grew, and the necessity for immediate decisions was more pressing, Baker was telling the President what he had done, and the President's brief answers in confirmation became a sort of routine. Mrs. Wilson does not permit the actual quotation of the President's letters except by his own biographer, but if permission had been granted there are certainly not more than a dozen out of the hundreds which I should like to use verbatim, and those for their style or some turn of the President's extraordinary gift for pungent characterization rather than for their substance as affecting the actual administration of the War Department which, whether well or ill done, was Baker's own doing. Nothing is so clear as that. His power from the President was as supreme as Pershing's from the Secretary of War in the military command in France. History holds no more complete example of one-two-three delegation of authority.

"The President had the gift of disposing of people rapidly," said Baker in speaking of his relations with President Wilson. "He knew a dry sponge on sight and his comments on fruitless people were marked by extreme intellectual impatience but not unkindness. I think he realized his health was very infirm and that he had a limited amount of strength. By the most rigid self-discipline he determined to spend it only on things worth while.

"I took to the President only the things that seemed to me to involve some departure in policy. I never troubled him with the details of the Department. He had the most orderly mind I have ever known. He sorted things in the order of their importance. Things never got lost in his mind, but lay there until it was time to act. As he wanted things written out I sent him written reports. I would outline something I thought it wise to do, and it might lie on his desk for weeks. Then, one day, he would speak to me at Cabinet meeting, or send for me, and say: 'Has anything new happened in that matter?' He did not want to repeat anything of what I had already told him. I realized that once I had told him a thing he knew it. I deliberately thought a thing into its most compact form, and when he wanted details he asked for them."



Major Julia Stimson, head of the Army Nurse Corps, which had a notable record of service. Major Stimson, the only woman to attain that grade in the Army, is a sister of the present Secretary of State

"I have not your list yet," said Baker to a Bureau chief who had not sent in his list of promotions.

"But I was waiting on your personal list," was the reply, taking it for granted that the Secretary had certain officers whom he wished to favor, as the result of his own judgment or personal liking, or for other reasons.

"Oh, I have no list," said Baker. "Yours is a department of specialists. I depend upon you. You should know your men."

As all promotions and assignments eventually took their authority from the Secretary, the war had opened a vast field for the exercise of personal preferences. His power to place eagles or silver and gold leaves on the shoulders of civilians who wanted to enter the reserve corps, could attach the fortunate to him in personal fealty. Where, in peace time, the regular officers rose in rank in turn, now a promotion out of order summoned Regulars to the command of the new National Army. So a major of Regulars might remain a major of Regulars, while one who had been a file under him might become a colonel in the National Army. Generals were suddenly becoming more numerous than colonels had ever been before our entry into the war. Every one of the new National Army cantonments must have a major general as division commander, and also brigadier generals.

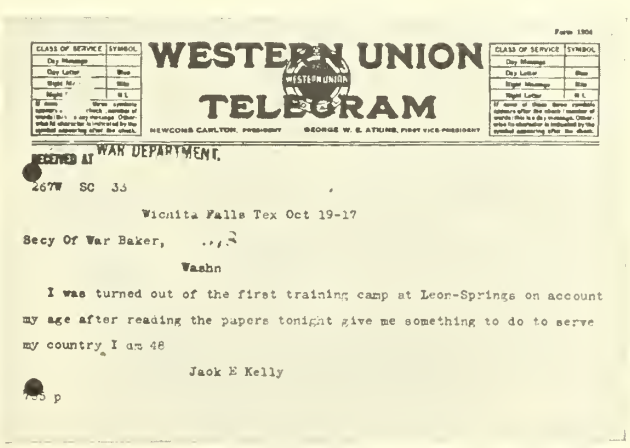
The promotions to general officers were left to an informal board composed of General Bliss, Chief of Staff, General Kuhn, Chief of the War College, General McCain, the Adjutant General, and General Mann, head of the Militia bureau. As a basis for procedure they decided on three rules. First, the promotions should be apportioned among the different branches of the Army in fair ratio, infantry, artillery, medical corps, engineers, and so on; second, colonels of less than one year to serve before retirement were to be excluded; third, all colonels whose records showed any physical or temperamental defects to be excluded.

The second was bound to be heart-breaking to many colonels who thought they had no temperamental defects, and could hold their own physically with any of the young fellows. And it was to be even more heart-breaking to their wives.

With the records of the officers before them and discussing each one in turn, the members of the board worked for three nights before they had a list of one hundred and twenty ready; and on the last night they took the list to Baker at midnight.

"Are you gentlemen satisfied?" Baker asked.

"Yes. We have probably made mistakes and promoted some men who were not as able as those we have excluded. But we have done our best by all the tests we had until officers are tried out in actual command. We know there (*Continued on page 53*)



WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT — GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT WAR DEPARTMENT.

267W SC 33

Wichita Falls Tex Oct 19-17

Secy Of War Baker,

Washn

I was turned out of the first training camp at Leon-Springs on account my age after reading the papers tonight give me something to do to serve my country I am 48

Jack E Kelly

A human interest document from the Baker files. Apparently the sinking of the transport Antilles with American troops prompted its sending. What happened to Jack E. Kelly?



For ONE NIGHT Only

THE city of El Paso, Texas, has grown great because it is a natural gateway. Its Spanish name tells what it is—"the pass." It is a gateway to Mexico, and is the great cold-weather corridor between the East and the Pacific Coast. One hundred thousand persons live in the modern American metropolis of El Paso, and when times are prosperous, Legionnaire Herb McCusker writes, there are always thousands of visitors in the city, among them many traveling between East and West and others drawn by the lure of Juarez and the other towns across the Mexican Border. Now that times are not so good, Mr. McCusker reports, El Paso's daily roll of visitors has grown large indeed.

"El Paso has been paying the penalty of its ideal geographic location," Mr. McCusker writes. "Hosts of idle men looking for greener pastures began to use El Paso as the terminal of their journeys. Each train brought a new contingent of hungry, weary travelers.

"El Paso had no jobs for outsiders, it was hard put to take care of its own unemployed. Swarms of hungry men and boys roamed the streets, besieging restaurants, groceries, bakeries and householders for food. Panhandling became epidemic. Hold-ups and petty thievery kept the police rushed night and day. Jails were crowded, the city's chain gang over-manned.



Needy men on their way through the city availing themselves of the laundry facilities in the emergency quarters maintained by El Paso (Texas) Post. The notice in the post's temporary dormitory shown in the top picture warns guests that they may have two meals and a bed for the night, but no more

"Many civic organizations tried to find remedies for the situation but none was effective until the problem gravitated to El Paso Post of The American Legion. Post Commander Charles F. Meffley went into a huddle with Harley D. Hughes, Post Service Officer, and other leaders. The result was the establishment of the American Legion kitchen and shelter. It has solved El Paso's greatest present problem.

"Today the transients who drop off trains in El Paso at nightfall quickly find their way to food and shelter in a National Guard armory under the Legion's emblem. A shower bath, a plenteous hot meal, a sound night's sleep works wonders for morale. The following day, each guest is sent on his way. There is no sticking about for another day. The post is hard-boiled about that. There are too many new arrivals each day.

"Post Service Officer Hughes to start the enterprise got two hundred army cots, four hundred army blankets and a rolling kitchen from Fort Bliss. The city health department provided a truck. It was used to haul provisions



Near an old mill on picturesque Locust Creek at Laclede, Missouri, John J. Pershing swam with boyhood companions before West Point and a great career as a soldier opened before him. Pershing Old Home Post in Laclede proposes that Congress set aside the surrounding land as a national park

donated by merchants. An electric refrigerator was donated. So was an electric washing machine. Arrangements were made to decootieize clothing in the old army fashion.

"They came, the men from afar. They were of all types—responsible citizens, stranded and beating back to homes elsewhere; farmers seeking new fields; laborers en route to sections where it was rumored jobs were waiting for takers; seasonal workers bound for the harvest fields, and of course a large number of perennial tramps. There was no red tape to be cut, but nobody could stay longer than for one night.

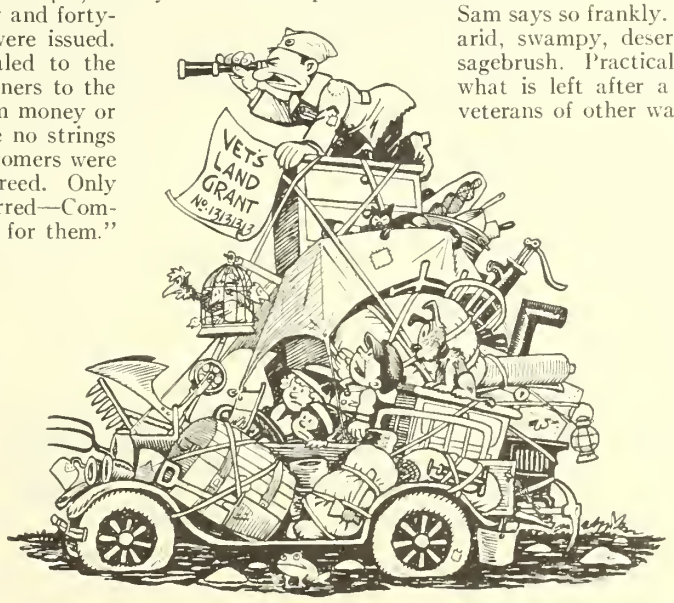
"All this without a nickel of backing—everything on the post's nerve. On the opening night, December 4th, twenty-nine transients got messkits full of army chow and forty-two cots and eighty-four blankets were issued. All newspapers the next day appealed to the public to direct all needy out-of-towners to the Legion kitchen rather than give them money or food. It was made plain there were no strings attached to Legion hospitality—all comers were welcome regardless of race, color or creed. Only actual residents of the city were barred—Community Chest agencies could provide for them."

For a Pershing Park

WILLOWS fringed the banks of Locust Creek as it meandered through the woods and meadows of Linn County, Missouri, threescore years ago. The schoolboys of the town of Laclede swam in the deep pools of the creek, fished from its banks and hunted in the woods. The favorite swimming pool and fishing place was marked by a log dam and an old mill with a quaint waterwheel. One of the boys who fished and swam and hunted in the shadows of the old mill was John Pershing, just one of the boys.

The willows still stand along Locust Creek, grown larger with the years, the waters still tumble over the dam and the millstones still rumble on with the making of cornmeal and buckwheat flour. And John Pershing is famous.

"Pershing Old Home Post of The American Legion in Laclede is proposing that Congress set aside the boyhood playground of General Pershing as a national park," writes Dr. C. E. Norris. "Nation-wide sentiment in favor of this is indicated by the press and expressions from many citizens."



Leftovers

THE land-hungry veteran of the World War won't get much comfort from the lists of vacant public lands distributed by the General Land Office.

Fertile acres in Uncle Sam's unclaimed domain are about as plentiful as in the Sahara Desert or the Arctic Circle, and Uncle Sam says so frankly. Most of it he calls rough and arid, swampy, desert, mountainous or lava and sagebrush. Practically all the land he now has is what is left after a century of picking over by veterans of other wars and by hundreds of thousands of the early pioneers who went west to build future homes and future fortunes. Nevertheless, anyone interested in knowing the truth about the present land situation ought to ask the General Land Office at Washington to send him Circulars 302, 523, 541 and 1230.

Uncle Sam was a good fellow while he had it. Many western States were built up by homesteads given veterans of the Civil War. Preference rights given World War veterans are the same as those given Civil War veterans. The total period of required residence on claims is three years, and from this may be deducted the period of war service not exceeding two years. But before final title can be given, the homesteader must have made improvements costing from $200 to $800 besides building a home. On a grazing homestead of 640 acres—about the only sort that offers even slight opportunity to the settler of today—he must

make actual improvements to the amount of $1.25 an acre.

The list of vacant public lands issued last July shows 128,301,266 acres in seventeen States. It must be remembered that these tracts are constantly under the inspection of persons living near them and if considered desirable would have been claimed before this. C. C. Moore, Commissioner of the General Land Office, calls attention to the requirement of a personal visit to the government land office in the State in which a desired tract is located and the further necessity of making a personal inspection of the tract and taking an oath as to its suitability. In some western States "locators" make a business of assisting prospective settlers to select tracts. Mr. Moore urges land seekers to make sure that if a locator is employed he can be relied upon and will not charge more than a reasonable amount. Nobody wants to take over a claim and find that he has acquired a gold brick.



National Commander and Mrs. O'Neil photographed in Carlsbad, California, with William J. Murphy, former head of the Disabled American Veterans

Assorted Fraud

HIGH-PRESSURE gentlemen with smooth tongues who once sold building lots located in rivers are now specializing in the sale of tickets for benefit entertainments. Staging of these has been reduced to an unsavory science, with glib racketeers manning batteries of telephones to wheedle money out of citizens of sympathetic natures. The professional benefit racketeer tries to buy a service man's society's good name for a small share of the profits. Using this name the racketeer organizes a "benefit ball" or something of that sort, selling by telephone an unlimited number of tickets. When the money is in his hands, the promoter often disappears, leaving the sponsoring society holding the well-known bag. He may swindle the society in other ways.

Another civic pest has been the fly-by-night salesman of alleged veterans' magazines. The magazines on inspection prove repelling, a hodgepodge of ancient wheezes and childish illustrations. Investigation has shown that most of those selling the publications in what seem to be army uniforms did not serve in the World War despite the stories they tell. This type of cheap fraud has been practiced all over the country, of course, and many Legion posts and individual Legionnaires have stepped on the toes of the fly-by-nights who were operating these schemes.



American Legion posts of St. Louis, Missouri, have combined with other service men's organizations to check the activities of varied racketeers exploiting the service man. They have organized a Veterans' Welfare Association as a central relief agency and to assist relief activities which deserve support. The new agency will work in conjunction with the Better Business Bureau, which is of course national in its scope and which acts as a deterrent to gyps of all sorts who prey upon the unwary. The nucleus of the agency's general relief fund is $15,000 inherited from the Civil War Orphans' Fund. Drexel Howett is the association's executive secretary.

Bridge of Battles

GRAND STREET Boys' Post, which has its clubhouse at 106 West 55th Street in New York City, is looking forward to the day when a World War memorial will be erected on New York City's East Side. It has the first stone—the cornerstone—for the memorial when it is decided upon. That stone is a keystone of an arch of the old bridge at Chateau-Thierry which, after more than four centuries of use, was blown into the Marne in 1918 while the Germans were advancing toward it.

"A duplicate of this keystone is now the cornerstone of Pershing Hall, the American Legion Memorial Building in Paris," writes Post Historian B. F. Morrow. "The stone which came to us was obtained through the kindness of the French government, with the assistance of Donald R. MacAfee, Adjutant of Paris Post, who was wounded at Belleau on July 20, 1918, while serving with the 101st Field Artillery. Mr. MacAfee has given us the history of the old bridge whose ruins were familiar to men of so many divisions.

"There was a Roman village on the present site of Chateau-Thierry, and this village has remained since that time, through centuries that brought on war after war. Two wooden and one stone bridge were in turn destroyed before a stone bridge was constructed in 1535, to last until 1918. This bridge originally had a wooden bascule between the third and fourth arches for defense and a chapel upon the end toward the castle.

"The bridge figured importantly in four centuries of history. Battles raged about it in war after war. In 1790 Chateau-Thierry joined in the revolutionary movement and the vicar of the parish church was guillotined. In the next year the tocsin was rung to announce the escape of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and a few days later the royal couple, who had been captured at Varennes in the Argonne forest, passed through the town under guard, and horses were changed at the bridge. In 1814 Napoleon spread his maps on the parapet of the bridge. In 1815—after Waterloo—Blücher quartered on the town 30,000 Bavarians. One end of the bridge had been destroyed by Napoleon, and the Czar of Russia, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria were ferried across the Marne at the town. In 1870 an arch of the bridge was again destroyed to halt the Prussian advance. The Germans crossed the bridge in September, 1914, and recrossed a few days later on their retreat after the Battle of the Marne.

"The 3rd Machine Gun Battalion of the American Third Division defended the bridge until French Engineers blew up the center of the bridge on June 1, 1918. The Germans were driven from the town on July 19th and the French engineers built a temporary bridge which carried traffic until 1925 when the new bridge was completed and christened the Roosevelt Bridge in honor of Quentin Roosevelt."

Water, Water, Nowhere

NINETEEN THIRTY will be memorable in Pennsylvania's history as the year without rain. That ordinarily rain-blessed commonwealth, with green mountain timberlands, fertile valleys and communities with the look of Spotless Town, was almost as arid as Arizona and New Mexico during the greater part of last year. Streams that ordinarily tumble down from well-treed heights (for Pennsylvania has done more for wild life than any other State in the northeastern section of the country) dwindled almost to nothing. So drought was a problem, as it was in the Mississippi



Valley, the Middle West and the hinterland of the Atlantic seaboard.

Hanover, Pennsylvania, was one of the hundreds of towns which went sooty and thirsty during the unprecedented drought. Harold H. Bair Post was inclined to be indignant because the town's water company was delivering an undrinkable solution through its mains—alleged water that had to be boiled twenty minutes before it could be safely swallowed. The town's schools were using water hauled from an artesian well on a horse farm. To this same well residents of Hanover journeyed by hundreds every day in their autos to obtain water for their families. There was talk that it might be necessary to call off the Hanover County Fair.

The fair was held, however, and no one went thirsty along its midway or in its pavilions. Harold H. Bair Post constituted itself the fair's water contractor—delivered to the grounds each day in tank wagons all the water needed by the crowds. It hauled this water many miles from the artesian well on the horse farm.

Fireworks for All

WHEN the first spring flowers come out, a committee of Legionnaires of Fort Harrison Post begins work on the plans to give Terre Haute, Indiana, a Fourth of July celebration without a toll of dead and wounded. Three months is not too long a period for the arrangements which Fort Harrison Post must make for the annual celebration which it conducts in Terre Haute's huge municipal stadium, an arena with seats for 20,000 persons. The celebration fills a need, as the results prove.

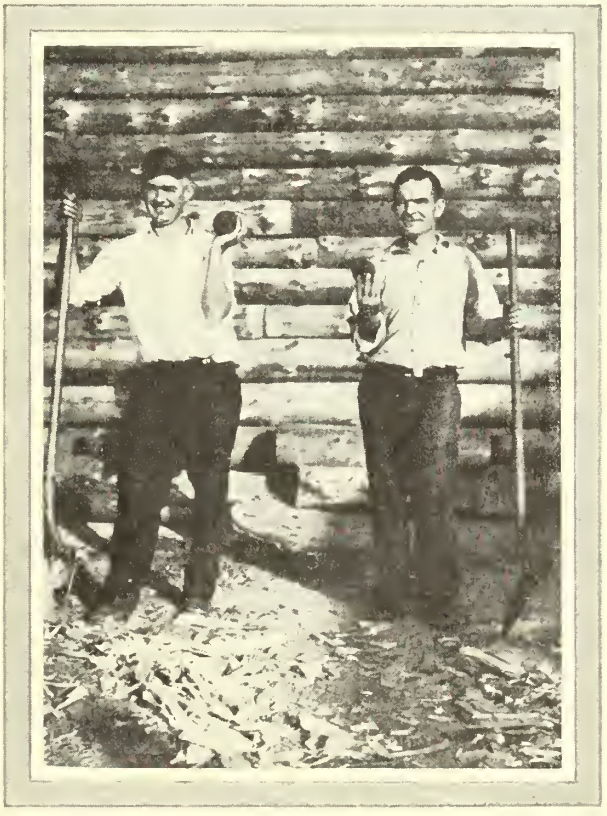
"Our Fourth of July fireworks display is getting famous," reports Legionnaire H. A. Collins. "Last year, at a cost of $2,000 we entertained more than 30,000 persons in afternoon and evening. We charged a small admission price for grown-ups and admitted children free, but we met all expenses easily. The big point is that by providing a regulated display of fireworks, we kept down the promiscuous use of explosives on the holiday; there was not a single Fourth of July accident reported in Terre Haute or its immediate vicinity. Kreitenstein Community Post and Pioneer Post, our brother posts in Terre Haute, assisted Fort Harrison Post in handling the crowds."

Ashes and Iron

IN 1745 Captain Ephraim Williams built Fort Massachusetts to protect the Massachusetts Bay Colony against the annoying incursions of the French and their Indian allies who were then carrying on a little war against the British colonists on the New England seaboard.

"The captain knew his Indians all right," writes Philip A. Lee, Historian of Frank R. Stiles Post of North Adams, Massachusetts, "for, sure enough, two hundred redskins and 500 Frenchmen appeared before the stockade on a rainy day in August of 1746. On that day the fort's defenders numbered only eight, because fifty had gone to Fort Deerfield for supplies and a dozen were sick. Outnumbered almost one hundred to one, the Colonial militiamen fought off the invaders for a whole day, but the fort was captured and burned.

"Last year the Fort Massachusetts Historical Society built a replica of the fort as North Adams's contribution to the Massachusetts Bay Colony Tercentenary celebration. Frank R. Stiles Post volunteered to provide relics to match the reconstructed fort. All the post members turned out with picks and shovels and began digging. The harvest was two rusty cannon balls, a handful of flint arrowheads, a rusty wrought-iron door latch, a pewter fork and spoon, two old knives, a coin dated 1725 and several uniform buttons."



Members of Frank R. Stiles Post of North Adams, Massachusetts, dug at the site of the pre-Revolutionary War Fort Massachusetts and unearthed two rusty cannon balls, and various other relics to help furnish a replica of the fort built for the Massachusetts Tercentenary

A Salute to Father Time

THE youngest member of Faribault (Minnesota) Post of the Grand Army of the Republic is now in his 88th year and most of the members are over ninety.

For the past ten years Michael Cook Post of The American Legion has given an annual banquet with the Grand Army veterans as honor guests.



Last year the Faribault Civil War veterans reasoned the time was near when they would no longer be able to follow the fife and drum corps of the Legionnaires to the cemetery on Memorial Day, even riding in automobiles. At their own meetings they were finding it more and more difficult to carry on. They suspected it was because they were getting old. There was something dramatic in their gesture, therefore, when they tweaked the nose of old Father Time—gave a banquet for Faribault's American Legion post. According to Past Post Commander Matt Hinnsala, they were perfect hosts and both veterans of '61-'65 and '17-'18 had a wonderful time.

Mr. Ruby's Breakfast

THE Arabian Nights tell of the Caliph of Bagdad who had the habit of roaming around town at night looking for adventures and invariably finding them. A tale of this sort is the recital of what happened to Legionnaire Charles P. Ruby of Jasper Post of Washington, D. C., who got out of bed at 1 a.m. of January 1, 1931, and walked briskly to the White (*Continued on page 52*)

BANKRUPT

By Thomas J. Malone

Illustration by Stockton Mulford

THERE was a scraping of chairs around the long table as the referee opened the hearing.

"This," he announced, "is the first meeting of creditors of Gottlieb Meyers after an adjudication in involuntary bankruptcy. The referee is prepared to hear from creditors as to their claims."

A forlorn-appearing little man sitting next to the one woman present—his wife, it developed—started at hearing his name, and then looked helplessly round at the referee, the three creditors, and the four attorneys for as many absent creditors. About sixty years old, he was slight of frame, bent of shoulder, noticeable only for the flat top of his bald head, his unkempt mustache, his meager chin, his washed-out, vacant eyes. An unheroic figure, any observer might have thought with casual dismissal—one of the hundred million.

With one hand gripping the other, palm to back, between his knees, the little man slumped over in his chair. His eyes tightened as in sudden pain, his mouth twitched at the corners. He, Gottlieb Meyers, a bankrupt! He, Gottlieb Meyers, honest man, hard worker, good citizen, could not pay his debts—a failure! His shoulders quivered. At an audible intaking of his breath, his wife reached out and patted his arm.

A lanky man, unsnapping a brief case and not troubling to rise, spoke up. Not much formality attended proceedings before the referee and this speaker was used to them.

"I am attorney," he said, "for Newell & White, the wholesale grocers. My clients have been selling to Mr. Meyers ever since he started his general mercantile store about twenty-five years ago. We have a claim to present, but first I wish to say that Newell & White were willing to give Mr. Meyers time to adjust his affairs and willing to continue his credit; they were opposed to this petition. However, as certain other creditors asked for a trusteeship, we are here to protect our rights. Our claim amounts to $432.42. I have an itemized statement here, but I needn't go into it as I understand Mr. Meyers admits the claim."

The referee turned to Meyers.

The little man winced. His lips moved but gave no sound.

"We admit the claim," said Meyers' attorney, shortly.

"It—it is correct," gasped Meyers. "It is so."

Other claims were presented, the larger ones from the dry goods jobber, a candy house, a creamery, and the owner of the store quarters, the last representing many months of unpaid rent.

Without consulting the statement, in his attorney's hands, of his liabilities, the bankrupt nodded assent to each claim as made. Hadn't he checked the figures many times? They were burned on his brain.



He was slight of frame, bent of shoulder. An unheroic figure—one of the hundred million

"Bankrupt, bankrupt!" kept sounding in his ears. "Bankrupt!" This the end of years of toil, of struggle, of denial, of constant thrift; this what he and Sophie had come to in their old age—"bankrupt, bankrupt!"

The total of the claims was $7,118.49. To offset it, the bankrupt submitted assets estimated at $5,625.50. The assets included the stock on hand at the store, his one delivery truck, his outstanding accounts liberally discounted, and minor items. On the showing, an adjudication had been a matter of course. Any one, not in the exempted classes, owing debts of $1,000 or more may be adjudged an involuntary bankrupt.

Claim papers were passed to the referee for allowing or disallowing. Then he said:

"The law authorizes an examination of the bankrupt concerning the conducting of his business, the cause of his bankruptcy, his dealings with creditors and other persons, the amount, kind and whereabouts of his property, and other matters which may affect the administration and settlement of his estate. Do you wish to examine on any of these subjects?"

A creditor suggested, "Suppose we ask Mr. Meyers to tell us just what brought his business on the rocks."

The bankrupt looked up, misery in his eyes. He gulped, but did not speak. Despairingly, he gestured with upraised palms.

His wife broke in. "I will speak for Gottlieb. I have worked in the store since the beginning. I help him with the books. I know all about the business. Two years ago two new stores opened up in our block. They sold cheap, too cheap, trying to drive us out. They hurt us. Then hard times came to the labor people here. Many men were out of jobs and couldn't pay cash at the store. Gottlieb has a soft heart. He let them charge. Our books show much money owed, but we can't collect all at once. Let me show you. We have the store books here with (*Continued on page 44*)



A button and a lollypop and a thorough health checkup are features of the Racine (Wisconsin) Post's clinic

The LOLLYPOP *Lure*

By W. W. Bauer, M.D.

ALL summer long the bell in the schoolhouse tower was silent, but on a September morning it broke into musical clangor. Its melody was the accompaniment for the footsteps of boys and girls from six to eighteen who composed the town's educational quota of the future citizens of the nation.

There was something inspiring in the traditional pageantry of the first day of school, repeated year after year.

In Racine, Wisconsin, members of The American Legion had every reason to be proud of the schools. Racine Post, moreover, had not been standing on the educational sideline while teachers and school authorities were improving the schools. The post had given actual help in many ways.

Last year Racine Post found itself anxious to do even more than it had already done for the children. There was not much more that could be done for the boys and girls already going to school, but the post got the idea that it could help the boys and girls in the homes of Racine who would be starting to school in the following year—an idea acquired from the National Congress of Parent-Teachers' Organizations. The post made this idea the basis for a community effort that lasted many months.

The general objectives were to locate as many as possible of the children who would enter first grade in the next autumn, to stimulate parents to think along health lines for these children, to offer physical examinations for the children and, if necessary, to aid in the correction of defects through social agencies. If it could do all these things the post knew that the entering class of 1930 would have a higher standard of health than any class of first-graders that had gone before it. That class would go on through the schools, and fifteen years later its members would graduate as full-fledged citizens—the class of 1945.

The first task of the post was to find the children. It searched birth records of four and five years earlier and got the first names for its list. All these names had to be checked, of course, for some children had died. To secure additional names, folders were prepared explaining the purposes of the campaign and listing places and times where physical examinations could be procured. These folders bore coupons which parents could detach and send to the post with all needed information.

The American Legion Auxiliary helped distribute the folders. The auxiliary society of St. Vincent de Paul helped in the distribution for children in the Catholic school groups. Lutheran organizations gave similar help. So did the Junior League. Through these efforts the post compiled a list of approximately sixty percent of the children expected to enter school in the following autumn. Other children later were located through the kindergartens.

The post used every means of publicity to insure the success of its clinics. Newspaper stories appeared frequently. The city health commissioner gave radio talks. A public luncheon was held, with a notable speaker whose address was broadcast by Racine's radio station. Window displays were used.

Finally, there were lollypops. They figured importantly. Every child appearing for examination was given a lollypop—and a button to wear. The lollypops and the buttons proved a wonderful help in spreading the news of the clinics among the children. Every child examined was invited to a party given by the Auxiliary. Finally, appealing to the pride of children and parents alike, blue ribbons were awarded. These were not given solely to the most perfect boys and girls; they were presented to all who could pass inspection based on a list of physical requirements essential to health. Parents were (*Continued on page 64*)

THEN *and* NOW

EVER stop to consider just what changes in the appearance of some of your wartime buddies twelve long years might have wrought? C. S. Ellsworth of General George A. Custer Post of Battle Creek, Michigan, had an opportunity to compare notes last November when a few of his old friends of the wartime days in Italy gathered and he fortunately had available pictures of these same men taken back in 1918. In submitting the "then and now" pictures on this page, he told us:

"On November third last, a little group of thirteen former members of the United States Army Ambulance Service assembled to honor a former comrade who during the past two years has had the distinction of participating in the greatest exploration feat of all time. Professor Lawrence M. Gould, second in command of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition and Professor of Geology at the University of Michigan, came to Battle Creek to lecture on that great adventure.

"At the invitation of former 'Top Kick' Thorvald Aagaard, now house manager of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, some fourteen USAAC's from sections 600, 601 and 602 gathered together and fought the battles of Allentown and Genoa again.

"Seated at the banquet table were the guest of honor, Professor Gould, former Sergeant 1cl Thorvald Aagaard, Captain Carl Wencke, 601, Captain W. N. Putnam, 602, Lieutenant Fred Strong, Q. M. C., Sergeant Roy Westerman, 602, Sergeant LeRoy Sparks, 602, Sergeant Jimmy Frey of Captain Harper's outfit, Sergeant Arthur Redner, 600, and Privates Harley Melvin, Harry MacCreery and C. S. Ellsworth, all of 600.

"This meeting brought together four members of the old USAAC color guard that went to Italy together, so I am enclosing two pictures, one which appeared on the front of an Italian magazine in 1918 and the other taken on the occasion of Doctor Gould's visit to Battle Creek. The guard shows from left to right, front row, Private C. S. Ellsworth, Sergeant Thorvald Aagaard, Sergeant Roy Westerman, Sergeant L. M. Gould, Sergeant Land and Private Montanya. And, in the same order over twelve years later, the other picture shows C. S. Ellsworth, Thorvald Aagaard, Roy Westerman and Doctor L. M. Gould. The other two boys who live in Minneapolis could not attend, but maybe you can get an idea of how fellows change.

"I feel that perhaps these pictures will be of interest to the many former USAAC's, especially that old fighting contingent that went to Italy."



Above, The color guard of Sections 600, 601 and 602, U. S. A. A. C., at Genoa, Italy, as it appeared on the cover of an Italian magazine in 1918. From left to right: C. S. Ellsworth, Thorvald Aagaard, Roy Westerman, L. M. Gould, Sergeant Lang and Private Montanya. Below, four of the same guard, at a reunion in Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1930, lined up in the same order: Ellsworth, Aagaard, Westerman and Gould



MANY an Army musician will remember the plans laid in the A. E. F. for concert tours of their outfit bands after the return to the States. How many of these plans materialized? Likewise, many another association or society sprang up on the other side of the pond with the intention of continuing its existence after the war. We wonder how many of these organizations have retained their identity?

Legionnaire Leroy Foster of Calexico, California, makes inquiry about one of them:

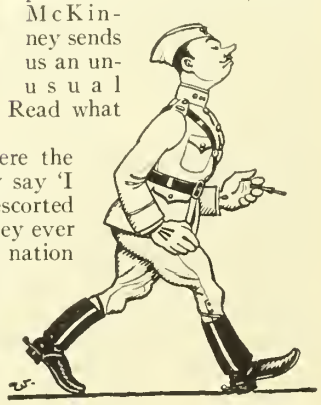
"While stationed at Camp Pontanezen, Brest, France, in the spring of 1919, I joined a Masonic club known as 'The Masonic Club of Brest, France,' in which I held membership card No. 584.

"About this time, a degree known as 'The Order of the S. O. L.' for Masons was instituted and I with a large number of other Masons took the degree. The ceremonies were held in a Y. M. C. A. hut near the waterfront—I do not recall the exact location.

"I was informed that my card, together with other necessary documents, would be forwarded to my home address which I gave at the time. However, I have heard nothing further so that insofar as this matter is concerned I am indeed S. O. L.

"Inasmuch as the idea was that membership in this degree would be limited to members of the A. E. F. and perpetuated through their sons, if any, I would like very much to get some information. I would like to locate some of those men, if possible, and ascertain what if anything was done after the return to the United States towards keeping the organization alive, and its present status."

ALTHOUGH a member of Kit Carson Post, Department of Colorado, E. E. McKinney sends us an unusual story from Merrifield, Virginia. Read what he has to say:



"I often wonder how and where the boys are now who can truthfully say 'I was one of the little detail that escorted the largest amount of actual money ever sent in one consignment by any nation at war over land or sea—namely, the first American payroll for the Army of Occupation.'

"Major John Maher, Captain Frank Buckwalter and myself in an O. D. sedan chugged along



"On Watch!" Armed guard of forward gun on the S. S. Black Arrow—ex-S. S. Black Hawk, ex-S. S. Rhaetia—in the Mediterranean Sea, 1917. Louis R. Dennis, ex-coxswain, reports the ship made seven round trips during the war

with a fleet of three Packard trucks loaded to the 'paulins with francs—some 14,500,000 of them.

"How many of our guard of about fourteen men remember loading those trucks in Paris and how we guarded those cash-filled hampers in the old Bastille the night before we left for Coblenz? Were the boys on the Rhine glad to see us? And how!

"I very much doubt if anyone except ourselves knew that those large baskets contained anything but the clothing we claimed. French Colonials billeted in Sedan where we stopped one night appeared a little too picturesque so we stuck close to our trucks so that none might go A. W. O. L."

HOW many gobs served their entire hitches on one ship during the war and yet had their mail addresses changed three times? Such, according to ex-Coxswain Louis R. Dennis of Sergeant Jasper Post, Washington, D. C., was the experience of an Armed Guard of which he was a member for eighteen months.

Here is the how of it: The S. S. *Rhaetia* was a German ship interned at Philadelphia before our entry into the war. Taken to Newport News for reconditioning, she was put into our service on July 6, 1917, when Dennis and twelve other men boarded her as an Armed Guard, under the command of a chief gunner's mate. The ship made seven round trips—three to Italy, including the first trip on July 18, 1917, when it put in at Genoa, and four to France, the last trip finding them at Marseilles on November 13, 1918. During that period, the name was changed to *Black Hawk* and later to *Black Arrow*. We repeat one of the interesting incidents Dennis reports:

"Early one morning during the summer of 1917, while standing watch as shown in the enclosed picture, the quiet of the Mediterranean sunrise was jarred by the sharp crack of our forward gun. Imagine our embarrassment, upon recovering, to find our trainer lying on a pile of canvas to the rear of the gun. We picked him up and carried him below where he was given a shot of Scotch from the steward's private stock. He recovered.

"Investigation disclosed the fact that he had leaned against the breech of the gun while on watch, had fallen asleep, accidentally touched the primer and the next thing he remembered was waking up below decks with the Scotch in his mouth. This was our first and only casualty during the year and a half we were on the ship."

Dennis tells also of the last trip when they pulled into Marseilles. The colored stevedores did heavy duty unloading. At the end of the week when the cargo near the bottom of the holds was reached, the stevedores showed unusual joy and energy. It developed that the bottom of hold No. 3 held three layers of 100-proof whiskey consigned to the Medical Corps. And, adds Dennis: "Well, sir, we didn't touch a drop! I'll bet many a stevedore and all the Armed Guard members will never forget that particular trip."

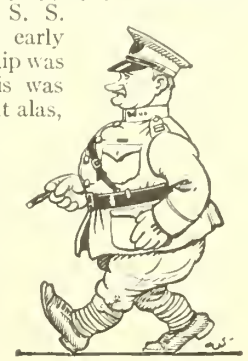


Gobs with the Belgian Relief find a little liquid relief in Holland, 1919

BEFORE the ex-gobs started to come across with stories for Then and Now, we would receive a complaint occasionally similar to this one from John O. Kinne of Boswell, Oklahoma, which accompanied the snapshot on this page showing three gobs in a pre-Volstead pose:

"Not seeing much stuff in Then and Now from the U. S. Navy, I want to remind you that the U. S. N. was decidedly in the war and, long after most of the soldiers were back home, there were a weary few who were courageously fighting the battles of After-the-War.

"One of these battles was the Battle of Belgian Relief, which was fought from January to July, 1919. I was fireman on the U. S. S. *Kerwood*, when in early January, 1919, the ship was ordered home. This was indeed good news, but alas, I with some six others was transferred to the Naval Base at Cardiff, Wales, and after nine days there in the old stone garage, was sent aboard the U. S. S. *Lake St. Regis* and sailed at once for Rotterdam.



"The *Lake St. Regis* was one of about fifteen small (*Continued on page 50*)

It's ALL Good



By George E. Scott

Decoration by Hanson Booth

IF YOU listen to almost any group of outdoors enthusiasts, you can hear an argument over the relative value and general worthwhile-ness of their various specialties. In a group of fishermen, the dry-fly trout seeker is likely to decry all other forms of the sport. The deep-sea fisherman will not admit much good in anything but his favorite. And the fellow who enjoys the inland lakes and the rivers, bait-casting for black bass or trolling for muskies, is inclined to consider his own the king of sports. I have even heard bitter arguments, almost coming to physical violence, over the relative merits of fishing for small-mouth black bass and large-mouth black bass!

Don't blame the out-of-doors for this fault of its lovers. The reason why a gathering of assorted fishermen—and the self-same trait is characteristic of hunters—can get so worked up over such minor differences of opinion is that each man is so devoted to his own hobby that he does not see how any other man's hobby can be comparable with it. And maybe each one is right—for himself alone.

I have been fishing and hunting for a great many years, now. Naturally enough I have my own preferences as to what type of fishing and what type of hunting suit me best. In rare instances, with a really discriminating audience, I may be induced to disclose these preferences. But in general, I keep out of the argument.

For, like all experienced fishers and hunters who have had a wide variety, I know it is all good. It makes no difference whether you are a railroad president whipping the sporty streams of the Gaspe Peninsula after salmon or a small boy jiggling an angle-worm in a sleepy creek for a catfish, you are having a good time at your fishing. You like to come home with a creel full of salmon or a long string of catfish, because thus you satisfy the instinct to have a material gain to show for every activity. But if you are a deep-dyed fisherman, you have had a good day that nobody can take away from—and it does not make a great deal of difference whether you are otherwise empty-handed.

When you go about your fishing with the understanding that the fishing itself is your object, and that whatever fish you catch are just that much extra, you are bound to have a good time. Not that I want to decry the pleasures of a good day's catch. It is more fun to bring in a good day's haul than to have to admit that the big ones got away. But it is a lot of pleasure, and a genuine recreation, in either event.

Most Americans, if they have ever had the chance to do much fishing, are incurable addicts. Once in a while somebody turns up who has tried fishing, under favorable auspices, and still has no liking for it. But he is a rare specimen.

Unfortunately for their own enjoyment, there are a good many people in this country who have never had much opportunity. This was not true a generation ago. The men and women who belong to The American Legion were born and brought up at a time when our population was overwhelmingly rural. Most of them lived in the country or in small towns and cities within a very few miles of lakes and streams that could be fished. Therefore, they did some fishing, and like it.

But the generation that is growing up now does not have this chance. Considerably more than half the population of our country lives in the cities. And there is another important factor that cannot be overlooked.

Twenty-five years ago you could find pretty good fishing within an hour's ride of even the largest cities. But the intervening quarter century has seen a great change. The city crowds swarmed to the nearest places and fished them out. Then they went a little farther, and a little farther until today you must travel at least a night's journey by train from most of our large cities to find good fishing. Some few cities are more fortunate in this respect than are most. To find the combination of solitude, unspoiled country, and good fishing that I like, I have to go 300 miles from Chicago, my home town.

The condition might have continued progressively worse if it had not been for a few farsighted sportsmen. Some of these were public officials, others were private individuals who banded together in such organizations as the Izaak Walton League. They have stimulated such activities as fish hatcheries and the consequent planting of small fry in fished-out waters. They have tightened up the legal restrictions so that it has become fairly serious to be found with fish under the legal size limit. They have launched such activities as the rescue squads which go out, after the spring floods have receded, catch in (*Continued on page 46*)

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
(INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK)
A MUTUAL ORGANIZATION, FOUNDED IN 1845

EIGHTY-SIXTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS:

Most of us have labored together for a considerable period.

My service in Nylic has covered forty-two years. I have been President of New York Life Insurance Company for nearly twenty-four years.

In twenty-four years you have numerically been multiplied by three; and your collective property in this Company has been multiplied by three and a half.

You have made a great demonstration within a generation of the power that lies in co-operation between "humans." You have become increasingly convinced of two great truths.

First,— that "no man liveth to himself," and the less he tries to do that the more truly and fully he lives.

Second,—that men are naturally honest and that those in positions of responsibility and trust in business are more honest and much more capable than men are as a whole.

Emerging from the frightful financial disasters of 1930, people are wondering if it was all or in large part necessary. They are asking why such heart-breaking experiences should not naturally cease in countries organized to preserve the strength and the inspiration that lie in individual efforts and in the ownership of private property.

American life insurance reaches its present greatness just in time to answer that question. It is true that we have had in this the freest and most individualistic section of the world (United States and Canada) a disturbing experience. Could it have been avoided substantially? I answer it could and some day such happenings will be largely avoided.

As we emerge from this setback in our economic system we discover that one thing remains unchanged and substantially unaffected.

It is almost literally true that every man who owns property is poorer today than he was a year ago; but to the extent that his possessions are represented by Life Insurance he is as rich today as he was a year ago.

They (his Life and Endowment policies) have not shrunk in value—except as he may have used them as collateral to relieve his needs in other directions.

Suppose the total outstanding insurance a year ago had been 220 billions instead of half that—suppose the assets of the Companies had been 38 billions instead of half that. How much less would the speculation and loss have been in 1930?

Life Insurance Companies will ultimately achieve those totals and greater ones and they will yearly represent an increasing and conservative factor in the whole property problem.

Life Insurance assets are not used speculatively. With relation to our total national wealth those assets represent a steadily increasing factor. They increase the factor of stability and decrease the factor of chance. That gain has been steady for almost a quarter century. Outstanding insurance will double and assets will double long before the wealth of these countries doubles. The lesson of it all is that economic changes of profound significance and of fundamental importance are taking place as the result of the amazing growth of Life Insurance. Life Insurance does all that its devotees have claimed and now it emerges from this world catastrophe substantially untouched and rendering a public service that few people ever realize.

It was organized to mitigate the terrors of death. It has become a valiant and an increasing defense against the economic disasters that periodically devastate the business world.

In other words, we are, through Life Insurance, in these great, free countries, preserving individual enterprise and the rights of individual wealth and at the same time we are utilizing the almost immeasurable power of united and common action.

We are gaining on economic disaster and we shall go on gaining because Life Insurance will go on gaining.

In free countries there is no way to stop speculation; to do that arbitrarily would not be consistent with the principles of freedom. *But!* Yes, a great big *But!* When Life Insurance has become the great reservoir into which the people put their savings increasingly, speculation will become relatively less and we shall finally have adopted almost imperceptibly, a new economic program.

This will be founded on co-operation, brains and fidelity. That's a pretty good description of the elements that have made our Life Companies great—co-operation, brains, fidelity and, I add, hard work.

The balance-sheet above will show what a splendid part your Company is playing in the total.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, *President.*

New York Life Insurance Company
BALANCE SHEET—DEC. 31, 1930

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate Owned	$34,307,572.19	Reserves—ample to meet all contractual obligations	$1,588,057,722.02
First Mortgage Loans on Farms, Homes and Business Property	578,255,940.83	Dividends payable to Policy-holders in 1931	72,541,788.00
Bonds of the United States, Other Governments, States, Cities, Counties, Public Utilities, Railroads, etc.	706,752,997.95	All other liabilities	7,455,677.00
Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks	73,662,042.00	Total liabilities	$1,668,055,187.02
Policy Loans, Cash and Other Assets	396,089,181.03	General Contingency Fund	121,012,546.98
Total Funds for Policy-holders' Protection	$1,789,067,734.00	Total	$1,789,067,734.00

DIVIDENDS Payable in 1931	NEW BUSINESS 1930	TOTAL RESOURCES Dec. 31, 1930	Insurance in Force Dec. 31, 1930
$72,542,000	$900,897,000	$1,789,000,000	$7,626,000,000

Branch Offices in most of the Larger Cities of the United States and Canada.



Leonard Nason says:

"That trick of wearing a little bronze regimental button on the front of your overseas cap wasn't a bad idea at all. It was one of the few ways a guy could get a little distinction in his appearance. It's different *now!* It's a cinch to be distinguished in appearance and it doesn't cost so much, either. All you have to do is to climb under one of the new Knox Hats for spring and you'll have all the distinction of a cabinet minister."

KNOX HATS

$7 and up

There's a KNOX *Dealer in your city*

This Consolidation Business

(Continued from page 17)

Another instance of a plan that went wrong—this time a plan conceived by the consolidationists themselves—might be cited. The Van Sweringens applied to the Commission for the right to unify the Chesapeake & Ohio, Pere Marquette, Hocking Valley, Erie, Clover Leaf and Nickel Plate Railroads, the whole to be known as the Nickel Plate System. All the properties were controlled by the romantic pair of Cleveland realtors and none seemed to be in direct competition with any other. But the Commission denied the application. It was not "in the public interest," that body declared.

But a year after that scheme had been jettisoned the "Vans" came forward with a revised scheme setting up the Chesapeake & Ohio as the parent of the merger and leaving the Nickel Plate out entirely. The C. & O. was to absorb all the others under a new arrangement for protecting the minority stockholders in all the properties involved. This scheme was carefully examined in Washington and eventually an order was issued approving the consolidation of the C. & O., the Hocking Valley and the Pere Marquette, but refusing to allow the Erie to be taken in.

But far more important than these isolated projects were the intensive negotiations on the part of the Trunk Line carriers for a division among themselves of that rich traffic empire lying between the Hudson and Mississippi Rivers and north of the Ohio. These negotiations became a veritable battle of the giants. In this region is to be found approximately half of the country's population and more than half of its wealth. It is served by more than sixty railroads, large and small, operating 64,256 miles of track. These properties have a value in excess of eight billions of dollars.

Four powerful east-and-west trunk lines dominate the transportation facilities of the territory. They are the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio and the Van Sweringen combination. As early as 1921 officials of these railroads initiated a series of conferences designed to split four ways the rail properties in the East. The "empire" was to be partitioned. And when each trunk line had been awarded all that it wanted or at least all it imperatively needed, the rail executives were to proceed to Washington and tell the Commission that the deed was done.

For fully three years the juggling and jockeying on the part of the trunk line officials continued. But as they continued, deep-seated rivalries developed. Deadlocks, one after another, ensued. Compromises were proposed, some of which were accepted; others thrown out of the window. In the end it was realized that an amicable agreement on the part of the four trunk lines was impossible. The Pennsylvania officials bolted the conference.

Officials of the other three roads, however, assented to a program which became known as the "Four Party Plan." It was formally submitted to the Commission with the announcement that it was satisfactory to all interests concerned except the Pennsylvania. This plan proposed four great systems in the East to be organized around the companies which had participated in the conferences. Into one or the other of those four railroads, every carrier west of New England, east of the Mississippi and north of Hampton Roads was to be merged.

If the Pennsylvania had subscribed to this plan, it is not improbable that it or something like it would have received the Commission's approval and the major problem of rail consolidations in this country would now be a closed chapter. But with one powerful interest demurring, the Commission merely "received and filed" the famous Four Party Plan. There seemed nothing else to do with it.

Thereafter followed a series of swift maneuvers in the all-important Eastern area. L. F. Loree turned up one morning with the announcement that he had acquired control of the Wabash and Lehigh Valley. He proposed to use them and his own Delaware & Hudson to set up a fifth trunk line in the East. The Taplin interests of Cleveland moved to organize a fifth trunk line in the same section. They proposed to take over the Wheeling & Lake Erie and Western Maryland, these properties to be joined with the Pittsburgh & West Virginia which the Taplins already owned.

Meanwhile the recalcitrant Pennsylvania found an opportunity publicly to assert that it would be a party to no merger agreement that did not afford it a short line along Lake Erie (preferable trackage rights over the Nickel Plate), a second short line between Chicago and St. Louis and still another across New Jersey to relieve the congestion on the Pennsylvania main line. The Commission sat back watching developments, saying little and doing less.

Also there sprang into being a group of railroad holding or investment companies. Chief among these was the Pennroad Corporation, organized by Pennsylvania interests, and the Allegheny Corporation, organized by the Van Sweringens. These companies began buying heavily into various railroads and terminal companies in the Eastern region. Because they were neither railroad companies nor railroad subsidiaries, they were not to be regarded as common carriers and therefore were not subject to the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

With the rail situation profoundly complicated by these moves, with mergers forced into abeyance and with the Commission apparently helpless to do anything about it, the Eastern railway magnates decided early in 1928 to make one last effort to compromise their differences and lay before the Commission a plan to which all interests could agree. A meeting of these magnates was held in New York, and when it was over we were

told that the cards had been reshuffled. A tentative agreement had been reached!

The Loree fifth trunk line was abandoned. The Taplins were ignored. The Pennsylvania was promised certain concessions. The Baltimore & Ohio had won its coveted entrance into New York over the Reading and Jersey Central. The New York Central was satisfied with its gains and, among other things, the Nickel Plate was to have a half interest in either the Lehigh Valley or the Lackawanna. But again a gigantic deal of this sort involving vast and conflicting interests, proved easier to work out on paper—easier to trace with colored crayons on a map—than to carry into effect.

A second time the Pennsylvania bolted. It complained that promises made were not lived up to. Specifically, the Van Sweringens would not consent to trackage rights over the Nickel Plate. So the historic 1928 "agreement" went by the board. It was never laid before the Commission. Instead the Pennsylvania stepped in and in defiance of the Commission bought control of the Lehigh Valley and Wabash. The Pennsylvania people calmly let it be known that the fifth trunk line project in the East had been revived and that these new holdings would be used as its nucleus.

The repeated failures on the part of railroads in the East to work out a satisfactory unification scheme, failures due in large part to jealousies and narrow self-interest, convinced many thoughtful men in Washington that the whole voluntary merger policy was wrong. These men began asking why anything concerning the railroads should be regarded as sacrosanct and why they should not be ordered, not supplicated, to do the decent and logical thing by the shipping and traveling public.

That was three years ago. Congress echoed with demands for compulsory consolidation of the railroads, with an occasional furtive shout for government ownership. Committees of that body reopened the whole question. Extended hearings were held. Members of the Interstate Commerce Commission appeared as witnesses. Some of the railroad presidents appeared. Everybody had an alibi. The Commissioners plead that they had exhausted their power without result. The railway executives told of their fruitless negotiations. Some said they were willing to negotiate further. In another nine or ten years, perhaps, they might be able to agree!

Observing in one quarter the dissatisfaction of Congress with the way matters were being dealt with, and observing in another the futility of leaving merger problems to the carriers themselves, the Commission decided to strike out decisively on a new line. It decided to scrap its "tentative" plan of 1921 and to substitute for it a fixed scheme of mergers and allocations. The burden of proof was to be put upon the railroads why that scheme should not be put into effect.

For the better part of a year the Commission worked upon its new plan. Some of the members, notably Commissioner Claude R. Porter, did little else. All earlier studies *(Continued on page 36)*



Both are the Same Age

—WHY THE DIFFERENCE

TWENTY years ago these two men might have passed for twins. But not today. Yet both are forty years old.

One man seems only a little over thirty. He still retains the alert eye and the springy step of a youngster. He has the poise and the forcefulness that go with good health.

You would unhesitatingly set the second man's age at fifty or above. Forehead and eyes are etched with wrinkles. The mouth droops with discontent and growing despair.

What has happened during those important twenty years?

Would it surprise you to know that constipation can undermine health beyond repair. Not only does it dull the keen edge of each day, but it cuts down your precious *earning* years.

When the system is constantly clogged, poisons are formed. These may penetrate your entire body. Headaches, dizziness, loss of appetite and energy, spells of depression are a few of the results. Even serious disease may develop.

It seems too bad—when there is such a pleasant way to avoid this condition. Just eat a delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. This supplies the roughage needed for proper elimination. Two tablespoonfuls daily are guaranteed to relieve and prevent both temporary and recurring constipation. In stubborn cases use ALL-BRAN with each meal.

This natural, safe way is far better than using laxatives, which are so often harmful and habit-forming.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is thoroughly enjoyable. Delicious with milk or cream, fruits or honey added. Sprinkle it over other cereals, in soups, on salads. Have your wife make it up into fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets.

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Paul W. Chapman, President

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This Consolidation Business

(Continued from page 35)

were taken into account. Mileage, earnings, traffic conditions, trade centers, financial resources, physical properties and economy possibilities of each important carrier were carefully considered. Above and beyond all that the Commission recognized the necessity for maintaining the fullest measure of competition between systems serving the same territory.

On December 9, 1929, the Commission concluded its work and on December 21st announced its conclusions to the country. From all standpoints that announcement was the most important ever made by that body. It involved vested interests of incalculable value, magnitude and complexity. It affected directly or indirectly every community, every ton of freight hauled by a rail carrier in the continental United States and every passenger traveling by such carrier.

This fixed scheme of rail consolidations, as in the case of the tentative plan, provided for nineteen great systems to operate wholly in the United States and two collateral systems to embrace properties on our side of the line but owned by the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific Railroads. It re-allocated more than fifty railroads. It left for future disposition some 175 terminal companies.

Two of these systems, to be centered around the Boston & Maine and the New Haven, were to serve New England. Five to be built up around the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Wabash were to serve the East. Three, to be organized about the Atlantic Coast Line, the Southern and the Illinois Central, were to serve the South. Five to be known as the Chicago & Northwestern, Great Northern-Northern Pacific, Milwaukee, Burlington and Union Pacific were to serve the West and Northwest. And four systems to be grouped about the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe, the Missouri Pacific and the Rock Island-Frisco lines were to serve the Southwest.

Having adopted this plan and having solemnly proclaimed it to be in the public interest, the Commission immediately set about giving it practical effect. That body served notice upon the carriers that any or all of them which wished to merge in conformity with the new set-up would receive a friendly hearing in Washington. Those which objected would have to show cause why a modification or a revision should be ordered. Notices were forwarded to those trunk lines having applications pending in conflict with the Commission's scheme that such applications should be withdrawn. Railways which previously had acquired control of other carriers out of line with the permanent plan were told that they must divest themselves of such control. The holdings companies of the Pennroad Corporation type were publicly denounced.

Acting upon the Commission's new policy the Van Sweringens promptly petitioned the Commission for authority to consolidate all their properties, noting only a few exceptions to the Commission's scheme. The Baltimore & Ohio also came forward with a merger plan much in accord with that of the Commission. The Wabash did likewise, as did the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. The last named consolidation was authorized but later reconsidered and is now in suspense.

That was the story of the merger movement until toward the close of the year 1930, when President Hoover took a hand in it. Alarmed over the loss of earnings of all the lines during the period of depression and apprehensive lest some of the weaker ones would be forced into receiverships, he called in the executives of the Eastern trunk lines and urged upon them the imperative importance of an agreement by them upon a unification program.

He was promptly told by these men that a fifth trunk line in what is known as the Classification Territory was not longer a possible proposition. They insisted that it could not be financed; that no responsible group of bankers would back it; that if such a system should be organized it would be composed of a group of wobbly properties, and that it would never be able to stand alone.

Mr. Hoover, profoundly impressed by this reasoning, told the trunk line executives to dismiss the fifth system idea and to work out, if humanly possible, a four-party plan for the East acceptable to all interests. For weeks intensive negotiations followed. The lines which the Commission had allocated to the Wabash-Seaboard fifth system were divided among the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio and the Van Sweringens. Old differences and rivalries were smoothed over. Compromises were reached and on December 30 the President was informed that a four-party agreement had been consummated.

That agreement, officially announced by the White House, was the most decisive move ever taken toward railroad consolidations in the United States. It involved approximately fifty Class 1 railroads having 58,500 miles of track. These tracks criss-cross the most productive traffic area in the world. The properties concerned have an investment value of $10,475,000,000 and in 1929 their gross income amounted to $2,844,000,000.

This agreement, however, is subject to the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a body which is publicly committed to a five and not a four-party set-up in the East. In a lesser degree it is subject to such action as Congress may take regarding the Couzens resolution, long pending, prohibiting further mergers for more than a year. Nor can the proposed mergers be legally accomplished unless and until the Commission is induced to vacate a series of Clayton Anti-Trust Act orders, issued by that body

directing certain of the trunk lines to divest themselves of control of competing properties.

Under the terms of the four-party trunk line agreement, the "paper" Wabash-Seaboard system is blotted out and the properties comprising it taken over by the trunk line systems. For example, the Pennsylvania keeps the Wabash and acquires the Norfolk & Western; the Van Sweringens take the Lehigh Valley and the Wheeling & Lake Erie; the Baltimore & Ohio retains the Western Maryland while the Pittsburgh & West Virginia tentatively remains as an independent "bridge" line. The unwanted Seaboard Air Line, now in the hands of receivers, is left an orphan.

Other features of the Great Compromise include the allocation of the Lackawanna to the New York Central; the Reading, Jersey Central and the Chicago & Alton to the Baltimore & Ohio (the Alton having recently been purchased by the Baltimore & Ohio at a receivers' sale); the Chicago & Eastern Illinois to the Van Sweringens, and a three-way arrangement whereby the New York Central, Norfolk & Western and the Chesapeake & Ohio will have certain rights over the Virginian. The question of trackage rights for the Pennsylvania over the Nickel Plate along Lake Erie is left to arbitration.

Naturally the railroads which engineered this gigantic deal count upon the President to exert every ounce of his influence with the Commission for a favorable verdict. That he will do this is assumed in every quarter. He has made the project his own, in a very broad sense, and has described it to the country as an emergency measure, no less than a great constructive enterprise carrying out "the requirements of the law in protection of public interests generally."

Certainly a far step toward rail consolidations has now been taken after ten years of legislation, negotiation, quarrels, insurgency, failure and futility. In spite of the fact that there has been much marching up the hill, then down again, much uncertainty of mind in official quarters and even more of it on the part of the railroads, something has been gained.

The drive for government ownership has broken down. A concrete merger policy has been fixed by the Commission. Minority stockholders have been reassured. A few consolidations have been realized. And now the carriers themselves have agreed upon a scheme—an agreement that seemed impossible only a few weeks ago—for a re-grouping of the Eastern lines. If official validity is given to that scheme, then the unification of the rail lines in other sections of the country may swiftly follow.

Because the steel rail and the iron horse still afford this country the major part of its transportation and because the charge for that transportation is a perpetual tax upon every passenger, every shipper and every consumer—which means all of us—railroad problems and plans which tend toward better and cheaper service must continue to concern the people at large.

That the rail *(Continued on page 38)*

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This Consolidation Business

(Continued from page 37)

carriers have competition, some of it dangerous, is a fact that it would be stupid to dispute. Motor cars—the bus and the privately-owned automobile—have cut heavily into the short-haul passenger business, once the monopoly of the railroad and traction lines. Motor transport of freight, particularly package freight, also has been severely felt by the rail lines. Moreover, airplanes are entering the transportation field, offering swift and safe passage over long distances for passengers in a hurry. Also planes are hauling more and more mail each year and more express matter. A decade ago mail and express were the most profitable traffic enjoyed by the railroads.

But the railroad in no sense is an obsolescent factor in the industrial life of the nation. It is not in a class with the battleship, for example, potentially powerful and the ornament of the fleet, but whose prestige as a fighting unit is diminishing daily. The railroad is still the backbone of the American transportation system. It is still the greatest single industry on the continent. In it is represented more of the investor's wealth than anything else we have in this country of ours.

That is why the consolidation of the rail lines is a matter of intimate interest to all of us. That is why great projects for electrification of such lines as the Pennsylvania and the St. Paul are of more importance than merely the traveler's comfort. And that is why the question of railway valuation is not simply a technical controversy between the carriers and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Whatever the railroads do to increase their efficiency or to widen their earning capacity; whatever they do to meet the competition of the overland motor transport, and particularly whatever they do that may involve higher or lower freight and passenger rates, are matters of public moment.

A Good Break

(Continued from page 11)

and touched his shoulder, "saints be thanked, it was only a scratch."

"I guess you have your brother-in-law to thank for that," Pickering said.

Paul turned. "I do not understand, m'sieur."

"You don't? Well, maybe it was the same man."

"You mean the same man attacks me who attacks my poor brother?"

"Think that if you want," Pickering said.

Paul looked at him queerly, then led the way upward. Pickering could hear voices as they advanced. He paused in the doorway at the top of the stair.

The billiard room occupied all the space under the roof, with slanting walls and half a dozen dormer windows. The windows were too small to admit much daylight, however, so that an extravagant number of electric bulbs glowed against the ceiling. Three chimneys, passing through, made nooks for chairs conveniently, and at the end opposite the stairway was a small fireplace with white stone front, the hearth at this moment clean of fuel or ashes.

Pickering had expected two Americans. Three were here, in addition to the Britisher. At the billiard table a small, light-haired American lieutenant with a short mustache was shooting balls idly about the green cushions. Beside him the British officer leaned on his cue, a glass in his hand. Over at the fireplace a heavy American major and another lieutenant were sitting with their feet braced against the white stone front.

"My friends," Paul began, "here is M'sieur Peekrong, the salesman."

The four men turned. All were curious.

"I introduce you to M'sieur the Lieutenant Roberts," Paul said. He presented the nearest American. "He comes to the city to settle the unfortunate affair of my poor brother-in-law."

Pickering nodded to the lieutenant. So he hadn't avoided the claims officer, after all.

"It was my good fortune to discover him just an hour ago," Paul explained. "And this is the Captain Brookings," he bowed to the Britisher who inclined his head and observed Pickering thoughtfully.

"How are you?" Pickering said. He guessed, from the man's face, that he hadn't fooled the Britisher.

The two at the fireplace left their chairs. The American major made a big, hearty figure, not over thirty-five or eight, with a pink bald head that reflected the electric lights above it. He was smiling as he came toward Pickering. The lieutenant who followed him was stoop-shouldered, with a poor complexion.

"Major Fenner, M'sieur Peekrong. And the Lieutenant Wood." Paul indicated the round-shouldered officer.

"What outfit you out of?" Fenner asked. Before Pickering could reply he went on: "I wish I could get up your nerve. Civies! They'll hang you if they catch you in civies. . . ."

He motioned, admiringly, at Pickering's clothes. Paul, studying their words, suddenly said: "No, no, I tell you, he is no *soldat*. He is civilian like me. He comes to sell me, what you call it?"

"Gadgets," Pickering answered, "I'm a salesman."

"Like hell you are," Fenner objected

good-humoredly. "You're on the loose. Have all the earmarks. But don't let *me* bother you. I'm two days overdue myself. And Wood here . . . when was your leave up, Wood?"

The lieutenant had a slight lisp.

"I don't remember exactly." He smiled uneasily. "Just a day or two ago. Lost my papers. Going to start back tomorrow night."

Paul had gone to the stair. Fenner nodded after him.

"Great fellow. Met Wood and Captain Brookings and me at Nice last week. Bundled us all right into his car and brought us up to hunt."

An awkward silence fell upon them. The lieutenant from the claims department laid down his cue and crossed over to them.

"You A. W. O. L.?" he asked Pickering bluntly. "Guess I'm the only one in the house whose papers are in order."

"I've got a passport," Pickering said. They were a damned curious lot. "It's at the hotel."

Fenner laughed.

"You're good," he said. "Wonderful line. Wish I had it myself."

Paul returned, announcing dinner.

Madame Paul awaited them in the dining room. Pickering had expected a certain amount of dash and verve in this former dancer at the Follies. Instead, she greeted each demurely and took her place dutifully on the right of her husband at the table. She was slender and dark, with her hair knotted loosely at the back of her neck in the fashion of the moment.

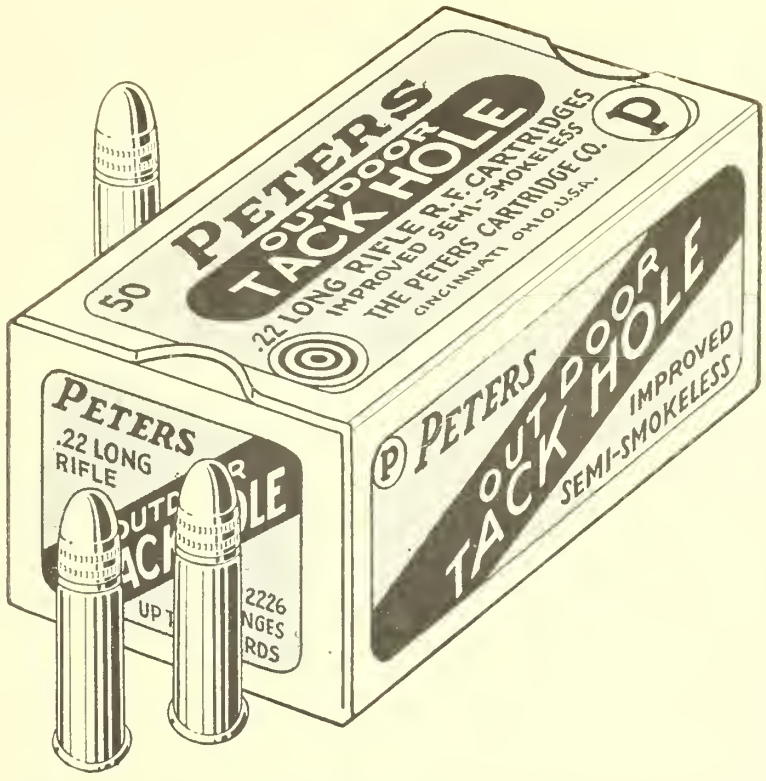
She was wearing jewels . . . three diamond rings, a pair of bracelets, and a necklace. The necklace, Pickering guessed, might be the new one Joliette had just gotten for her. He judged that it was platinum, set with numerous small diamonds of a deep intensity. He had been learning a good deal about jewels in the last two months. This necklace must be worth a small fortune.

Others surmised the same, he discovered. As he looked along the table, he saw that Lieutenant Wood, the American with the sallow skin, was staring covertly at his hostess' gems, a hungry expression in his eyes.

"Check one," Pickering told himself. "Watch little dirty face."

It proved to be a lavish dinner. Courses came, stayed a few minutes, and disappeared. Paul was talkative. But his manner had changed. His earlier expansiveness was gone, given way now to a nervous disquietude, so that his eyes came to rest frequently on his wife and her jewels, and he stopped his own speech whenever anyone addressed her, to listen to what was said. Jealous, the brigadier had declared.

Jealousy, or fear that she would lose her jewels . . . whichever it was, it was contagious. Pickering, too, became restless. He found the claim agent watching him occasionally. Pickering returned the glances with more indifference than he felt. Next thing he knew this youngster with the ten-day mustache would be clamping them all in arrest. Twice, when the *(Continued on page 40)*



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A Good Break

(Continued from page 39)

major mentioned his over-stayed pass, the younger officer frowned.

It would be like a second lieutenant in Rents, Requisitions and Claims, Pickering thought, to make trouble. He couldn't afford trouble tonight. He had a chance here. There was much he could do. To discover if this were the place Blackie Curtain had mentioned, he'd forego even the bath.

The dinner ended finally, and Madame Paul excused herself. It seemed to Pickering, watching suspiciously, that she gave Fenner, the American major, a slyer smile than she bestowed on the others. She seemed less demure, departing, than she had on entering. There might be grounds, of course, for jealousy.

In any event, Paul seemed relieved that his wife and her jewels were gone. He led the others to a small, comfortable room off the main hall, where an African servant brought drinks. The walls of the room were lined with hunting trophies, and a gun rack stood in a corner.

Pickering drank sparingly. The party was going stale rapidly. Roberts, the claims officer, had found a deck of cards and was playing solitaire in a corner. He mentioned rummy twice. No one responded. The others were talking horses when Paul suddenly arose.

Pickering, glancing about as the host left the room, realized that Brookings, the British captain, had disappeared. He had been there a moment before. In fact it was he who had started the discussion of horses.

The sergeant stood up and stretched. From the door he could see across the entrance hall, now illuminated only by a small night lamp at the foot of the wide stairway. Beyond it lay the room where they had dined.

While he looked, the door of the pantry opened. Paul followed Brookings back across the dining hall.

"There is no need to go searching whisky, m'sieur," the Frenchman was saying. His face was perplexed. "You have but to ask. I am a good host."

Brookings stalked in, scowling. No one paid attention, politely. Only the claims agent, who still sat back, dealing, shuffling, and redealing his cards, urged again: "Let's play rummy."

Getting no answer, he suggested: "Billiards?"

"I'll shoot a game for myself," he decided.

Paul, to their surprise, objected.

"The room is cold at night. I advise you not to go up."

The lieutenant sat down and once more, with an air of boredom, shuffled the cards. The servant appeared with another tray immediately, on it a bottle with a label marked: "Whisky."

"Here is your drink, m'sieur," Paul said politely to the Britisher.

Brookings took it, ungraciously. As he gulped it down, Pickering, squinting sidewise at him, tried to reconstruct a picture of Corporal Sperling. The jewelers had insisted that Sperling was short, much shorter than Curtain. Brookings was only a little above middle-height. But so far as that was concerned, Wood, too, was small, decidedly, and this Roberts was not large. Of all the company only Major Fenner owned any bulk.

"It is late, gentlemen," Paul said unexpectedly. He was increasingly nervous. "Sleepy eyes never found the early boar," he quoted.

They prepared to retire. As they reached the foot of the stair a large Persian cat strolled languidly out of the dining room, and rubbed its back familiarly against Pickering's legs. Then bounding ahead of him, it went up the stairs two steps at a time.

"These gentlemen know their apartments," Paul explained at the top. "I shall show yours to you, M'sieur Peekrong." The stairway gave upon a square landing from which a passage extended north and south, the steps continuing upward to the billiard room.

"Here on this side," Paul explained, "are the lodgings of the family. The servants sleep in their own house. To the north is your room, with the other gentlemen. If anything is required in the night, you shall call me. My room is at the south end, on the right. The end door to the left is Madame's. You will not disturb it."

"I will not," Pickering promised. His voice was too grave. Paul stared at him suspiciously.

"Ah, the bath!" he remembered. "It is here, in the center. But I am sorry, I am desolated, m'sieur, the hot water, it is turned off tonight!"

Pickering grinned. "No matter," he replied. He had known there'd be a catch. But it was all right. He had no time now for that. He watched the assignment of beds.

There were four rooms in the wing reserved for guests, and three of these already were occupied by Fenner, Wood and Brookings. Paul assigned the remaining one to Pickering. That left the rents and claims lieutenant unaccounted for, but Paul led him across to the section where the family slept, threw open the first door to the right, next his own, and turned on the light.

"I shall call you before the dawn," he warned, and bidding them goodnight, retired at once.

Lieutenant Roberts closed his door first, and then Wood, Brookings and Fenner were talking quietly in the corridor when Pickering entered his own quarters, leaving them there. In a moment he heard their doors, also, latch.

The room assigned to him was cold, and bright with varnish. He pulled a large chair quietly toward the door, and took off his shoes. He was not sleepy. Unbuttoning his coat, he loosened the shoulder holster concealed beneath it, and thus, breathing more easily, sat down

to wait. For nothing, probably. There had been nothing amiss all evening, so far as he could see, except that last antic on the part of the Britisher. It was his own plans concerned him most. He meant to see more of this house tonight, tomorrow go back to Brest and try out his new information on Curtain.

After ten minutes, he extinguished his light and quietly opened his door six inches. Thus he could hear any movement on that floor. The corridors were dark. From his position he could see into the stair landing, and the faint light where the window beyond it made a dull gray patch. Should anyone pass between him and that window he surely would see him.

The house was absolutely still. It was a comparatively new building, he remembered, and so had not yet developed the creaks and strains that cause the usual night noises. It would be difficult indeed for anyone to make his way about without being heard.

He lay back, finding the chair comfortable. Somewhere below stairs a clock ticked slowly, a rising and falling tempo as monotonous as a lullaby. He stretched once, and the chair groaned under him, so he relapsed into his former easy posture. Thus he allowed his tension to relax.

When he stirred next, he did so sharply. The middle of the night had come and gone. His senses became suddenly alert, whether from something within him, or from some slight noise he was not aware. He lay back in the big chair, straining his ears, and his eyes that could make out the block of gray where the landing window opened on the stair.

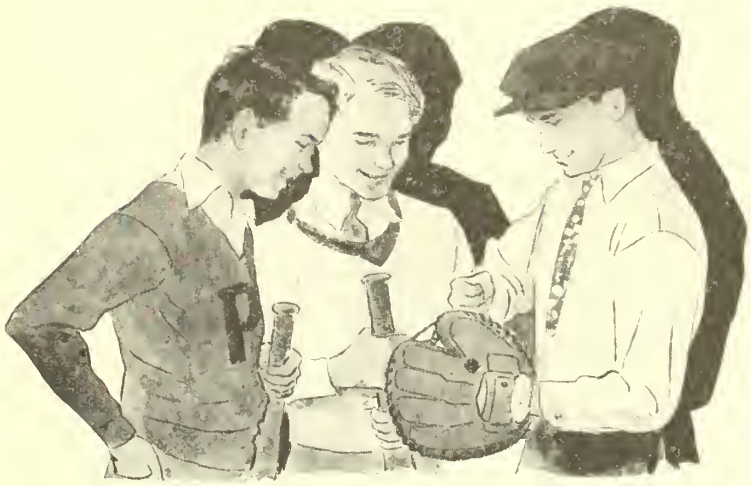
So he remained for perhaps a full minute, deciding that his imagination had played with him. Then he heard the sound again, more plainly. As he leaned forward, slowly, he realized that it was the slight, metallic scratch a bolt makes when it is drawn carefully. He got up slowly, an inch at a time, then testing the floor with his toes, permitted his weight to settle gradually.

The sound was not at once repeated, so that he had time to gather his impressions. It had been a door. Someone was letting himself out stealthily, he could not determine whether to the right, where Fenner, Wood and Brookings lodged, or in the family's section of the house, where the claims lieutenant had been granted the right to a bed.

Again he strained his ears and eyes. The silence held. He heard the ticking of his own watch in his pocket, and the soft hiss of the fabric as he straightened his arm and the sleeve moved across his jacket. Then, without warning, a shadow blocked itself against the window on the landing. It moved past, so quietly that it seemed to have glided, and he realized that someone had gone that way, probably in stocking feet.

He stepped forward gingerly. The shadow had seemed to come from the wing of the house he occupied, yet of this he could not be certain. He pulled upon the door, gripping the wood, so that by no chance should his own presence be in- *(Continued from page 42)*

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UNITED HOTELS

A Good Break

(Continued from page 41)

dicated by the click of the metal latch. He stood in the doorway now. For a moment he felt secure, for the window of his own room lay at an angle, and he knew that his silhouette would not be visible.

The prowler had descended the stair, he decided. A second later he was assured of this, for there was the sound of a body thumping into a chair, and a slight gasp of surprise. Taking advantage of it, Pickering issued from his own room, crossed to the opposite wall, and felt along it cautiously.

At the top step he hesitated, listening again. A door squeaked ever so slightly below him, the one that led to the pantry, he judged, beyond the dining room. Emboldened, he went down with less caution, his feet making no sound upon the carpet. He was turning to descend the second flight when he brought up sharply, listening, startled into immobility.

A second door had opened on the upper floor.

And here he stood, outlined against the window, where he would be easily seen from the top. So he backed away, feeling behind him with his heels, till he found the sanctuary of deep shadows in one corner of the landing. There he waited.

New steps sounded faintly in the upper hall. He stood between two prowlers now, one above and one below.

There was no sound from either direction for a moment. Then Pickering held his very breath, while he listened. He sensed that someone was near him. Whether the man from below returning upward, or the other descending, he could not tell. The light from the window would make a vague silhouette. But it could not pick out a face.

Suddenly another latch clicked on the upper floor. It made a sharp rasp, as if the person who turned it were less cautious than the other two. Footsteps sounded on the upper carpet.

That left the odds at three, two, one.

Pickering did not stir. There was something here beside him, something he could reach out and touch if only he dared.

And then, without warning, a blow struck him squarely upon the right thigh, a blow such as a folded blanket might make, swung sharply against a man. Pickering struck back. As he did so, something sharp as a blade caught his knuckles. He struck again, and involuntarily cried out . . . not an actual cry, more the passage of his breath through straining vocal cords, but it was answered at once from above stairs by a woman's scream.

He fought madly, pounding the vacant air. The scream was repeated, and then Paul's voice sounded, bellowing, and other doors opened, and the howl of a dog, out on the lawn. A light appeared in the hall above.

"You!" Paul was yelling. "What are you doing?"

Pickering, glancing down at his feet, saw Madame Paul's Persian cat, its hair on end, leaping upward two steps at a time. It had been a cat beside him. Only a cat. A cat had leaped on him in the dark and he had roused the house. He turned angrily and stalked upstairs.

In the passage he came upon his host. M. Paul looked both tall and ridiculous in a short pink night shirt. He was shaking his wife by the shoulders, demanding over and over: "What do you here?"

"The cat!" she sobbed. "The poor cat! I came to look for . . ."

At sight of Pickering she halted, and Paul leaned forward, staring. The sergeant carried his gun in his hand.

"There's somebody else sneaking through the house," he said. "Someone downstairs . . ." he turned. Major Fenner was charging out of his room, demanding to know what was happening. He pulled up his breeches as he ran.

"Downstairs!" Pickering yelled.

Paul flashed lights on ahead. But the sergeant was first, so it was he who discovered Captain Brookings hiding in a corner of the dining room. The Britisher lifted his hand as Pickering plunged toward him. The gesture was not completed before the sergeant was upon him.

He swung once with his right arm, and the Britisher went down, taking a fragile table with him.

"What you think you're doing?" Pickering gasped.

Paul was beside him now. Full length on the floor, in pajamas and slippers, Brookings grinned sheepishly, moistening his lips with his tongue, waving one hand slowly, as if asking for silence. Paul kicked at him indignantly.

"Wait a minute!" Pickering bade. "There's someone else abroad!"

He told what he knew, part of what he suspected. Fenner, listening, turned and charged up the stairs. The African servant was banging on the door now. They set him to guard Brookings while they followed after Fenner.

Lieutenant Wood was pawing into his raincoat when Pickering reached the top of the stairs; Roberts, the claims lieutenant, dressed even to his Sam Browne belt, which he was buckling, let himself out of his room.

"What's the racket?" he demanded.

"Someone prowling," Fenner answered testily. "Two. We got Brookings. The other's up here. . . ."

"Scatter and search," Pickering cried.

Paul ran at once, in the direction of his wife's room. Pickering, in spite of himself, smiled. If anyone were in Madame's room at the moment, murder would result.

"No one here," the claims lieutenant reported. He had thrust his head into the rooms in the north wing, while Wood was examining those in the south. Fenner went downstairs again. Pickering

heard him shouting angrily at Brookings.

"There's the third floor," Lieutenant Roberts remembered. He turned swiftly and went up two steps at a time. It was dark above.

"Where's the light switch?" Pickering asked. "To light the billiard room stair?"

Wood pointed it out. He snapped it, but the stairwell remained dark. Then a light appeared in the doorway at the top, and a second later the voice of the claims lieutenant called: "No one up here!"

Pickering climbed after him. Some one of these searchers was playing a double game at the minute. As he reached the top, Lieutenant Roberts came out from the direction of the fireplace.

"No one up here," he repeated.

He was perspiring. He wiped his forehead with his fingers, and they left a black mark, as if his hand had been dragged in deep coal dust.

"You've got a dirty face," Pickering said.

He walked to the fireplace and stared a moment at its front.

"No one here," he agreed. "Let's go below."

In the meantime the men had led Brookings to the upper floor. The Britisher was panting nervously. Paul, his eyeglasses set tipsily on his fat face, scowled from one to another. There was no sign of Madame Paul.

"Well," he demanded of Pickering, "what does it mean?"

Major Fenner, before the sergeant could answer, put in a question of his own.

"You from the D. C. I.?"

Pickering nodded.

"I was a fool not to guess it," the major grunted. "What you here for?"

"This captain," Paul demanded, pointing to Brookings, "what of him?"

"I . . . I . . . was searching for a drink," Brookings whispered. "It's my nerves. I couldn't sleep. Needed a drink. . . ."

"That is one story," Paul answered. "We shall see. You were walking, what they say . . . behind the screen . . . in the ambush. . . ."

Pickering grinned. "He looks thirsty," he agreed. "Besides, he didn't harm anything. I got it all straightened out."

There was silence at that. Each stared at Pickering, then looked, sidewise, at the others. Pickering lighted a cigarette. "Smoke?" he asked.

Fenner refused. Wood reached greedily for one. Pickering passed them to Lieutenant Roberts, then, who put out his right hand. But Pickering dropped the pack and grasped the lieutenant's wrist.

"Look," he bade.

The claim lieutenant's hand was sooty, not only the palm, but the knuckles as well. He tried to jerk away from Pickering. The sergeant twisted his wrist, and bringing him close, reached toward his pockets, brushed each lightly. There was no weapon.

"You're Sperling," he said easily.

The name *(Continued on page 44)*

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A Good Break

(Continued from page 43)

meant nothing to the others. But the claims lieutenant took a step backward. His sooty hands closed convulsively. Paul was the first to reach him. He clamped his fat fist upon the squirming shoulders, then Fenner joined.

"Look at his fingers," Pickering bade. "He was feeling up the chimney just now. Let's see his pockets. Good! What's this wrapped up so neat? Diamonds? The ones missing from your brother-in-law's shop, m'sieur. A good place to hide things, sir, the chimney. All crooks use them."

The prisoner kicked at him. He could fight, he was not a coward. The calm that he had shown all the evening before dropped from him like one of Paul's sacks, and it took three men to hold him.

"It's all plain," Pickering said. "This guy was your house guest once before, M'sieur Paul, him and his partner, Blackie Curtain. You didn't know it. It was a few weeks ago when you was down at Nice pal-ing up with these officers. They skipped out in a hurry one day. So fast they had to leave the diamonds. Curtain's put away for good now. He's not smart like this one."

He leaned down with exaggerated politeness and brushed a spot of soot from the bogus lieutenant's immaculate tailored sleeve. "Blackie said you never liked to get dirty," he taunted him. "Said you yelled like hell if you had to go over a wall. Too bad you got so dirtied up now. You see he came back, M'sieur Paul, all dressed up in a new uniform and a new mustache, but the house isn't empty any more. So he mooches himself an invite. I guess it wasn't hard, sir, from things I hear. He was coming out into the hall tonight, ready to slip upstairs and get the diamonds, when things start popping. Brooking's thirst had run away from him, fortunately. And that damn cat tackles me just when Madame's hunting it, so he's got to double back into his room. Then he comes out again, all dressed up. It was the Sam Browne belt first give me the idea just now. A man can't dress so neat in that short a time."

Pickering drew in deeply on the cigarette.

"Guess I owe you an apology," he told the excited Paul. "You were right tonight. The same man did attack you yesterday as tried to get into the jeweler's shop. I thought differently at first. I thought it was you down at poor old Joliette's."

"*I*, m'sieur?"

"Even detectives make mistakes," Paul replied.

Bankrupt

(Continued from page 28)

many, many accounts—all good, but not just now."

She turned to their attorney and pointed to a ledger in the pile of account books, clipped papers and filled envelopes, representing the bankrupt's assets.

When the attorney had handed her the ledger, he began rearranging the pile. Something in it caused him to start. He stopped short, peering sharply. He drew out a large, fat, manila envelope, open at one end, and fingered through the contents without removing them. He looked up at Meyers with a low whistle.

While Mrs. Meyers detailed the woes of bills receivable, he asked her husband in an undertone, "What have you in this envelope?"

The bankrupt glanced at it dully. "Oh," he said, "that shouldn't have been brought here. I guess I grabbed it up by mistake when I was taking the other things from the safe before coming here."

The attorney left the table, envelope in hand, and stepped into the outer office. There he examined the contents of the envelope—fifteen Liberty loan bonds in $100 amounts. The interest coupons had never been clipped. The total value was in excess of $2,100. He replaced the bonds and returned to the hearing.

"Do you own these?" he whispered to Meyers. "Are they yours?" His client had never mentioned them. They were not listed among his assets.

"Yes," replied the other, listlessly, "but they don't amount to anything here."

His attorney addressed the referee. "I'm going to examine my client."

Before the astounded eyes of the referee and the claimants, he emptied the envelope and spread on the table the folded bonds, unmistakable in their size, coloring and general appearance, even without a reading of the lettering.

"Mr. Meyers," he said, with a gentleness in his voice not heard before, "will you please tell us what these papers are?"

Gottlieb Meyers stood up. Gripping the back of his chair, he forced himself to speak.

"You all know what they are," he began haltingly. "If I had today in the bank the money I gave for them, I would not be a—a bankrupt."

Curious looks from his men hearers greeted this. The referee studied him under puzzled brows.

The little man took a deep breath and straightened. His fear was leaving him. With a trace of dialect that need not be reported, he went on:

"I am glad I gave the money. Not even now am I sorry. When the war broke out, I was too old to fight. Our children, a boy and a girl, had died.

Sophie and I wanted to do something, to do all we could. We owe much to this country—"

He stopped, and his eyes filled with tears.

"My father was a tailor in Munich. He was poor, with a large family. Forty years ago I came to America. I had nothing. I could not speak English. People laughed at me, but all were so kind. I worked in a tailor shop in New York. I worked on farms. I saved money. I took out papers, swearing to be a good American. After years, I sent for Sophie. We came to Minnesota.

"We started a little store in the outskirts of the town here. It had only about 50,000 people then. Always we worked hard. Everybody was our friend. The children came. At school they got fine treatment. Just as good as any other children. Our daughter graduated from high school at the head of her class. The mayor's son was second to her. That is America.

"We saw how it was—that everybody got a square deal here. It was what you call a free-for-all. The president of the university sold papers on the street when a boy; the governor of the State delivered washing for his mother. We believe in America. It is our country. We are Americans!"

The little man was transfigured. No longer the woebegone eyes, the drooped shoulders, the beaten aspect. His face shone. His voice vibrated with earnestness.

"So when Uncle Sam asked his people to give their money to fight the war, we were glad to give all we could. When men came to the store in the Liberty drives, we met them half way; we were ready. No need to explain, or to urge us to give. We don't read the papers much, but we knew what it was all about. The German people did not make the war, did not hate America. President Wilson was right; it was their government. We were proud to do our share. We gave all we had in the savings bank, gave in all the drives, and put away in the safe these nice papers, these receipts, that proved that we had given and were good citizens. We love our country—"

Gottlieb Meyers could not go on. Besides, who was he to be talking like this and taking up the time of these gentlemen?

His wife was regarding him with high approval, her chin up, her mouth open, her eyes big, and little red spots in her worn cheeks. Never before had she known him to make a speech. She was proud of her Gottlieb.

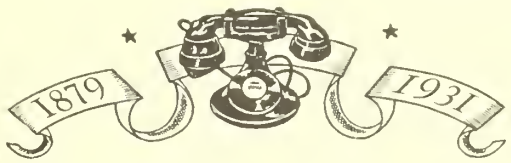
His other hearers shifted in embarrassment. The referee cleared his throat.

"Mr. Meyers," he said, "you are a good American." He, a government official, who represented Uncle Sam himself, said that. "From what appears here, you are not insolvent and should not have been adjudged a bankrupt. You and your creditors—"

The referee's voice ran out on him. Something like a twinkle shone in his eye. He turned to a revolving bookcase and selected *(Continued on page 46)*

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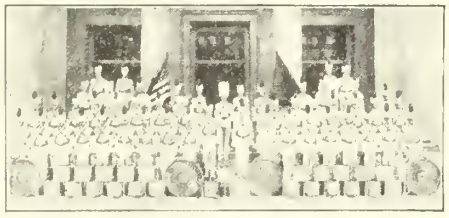
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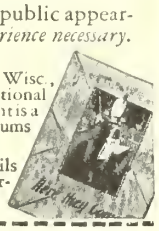
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Bankrupt

(Continued from page 45)

a black-bound volume, thumbing its index.

"I have here," he resumed, "the report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1928. It states that on that date the 'outstanding unpaid interest' on Liberty loan bonds and Victory notes totaled $32,715,605.01. This, I take it, means overdue and, for the most part, interest. I believe failures to demand interest when due have been attributed to such causes as loss, destruction and theft of bonds, and even neglect on the part of holders. This is the first time that unawareness of value has come to my notice as among the causes. Mr. Meyers' past-due coupons are represented in that total.

"The Treasury report also shows that on the June date there was a total of $32,747,500 in Second Liberty loan bonds of 1927-42 which had been 'called' for retirement and on which interest had ceased therefore. I see that two of the bonds before us are of that issue."

Silence fell upon the group. Twinkles began to show up around the table.

The referee cleared his throat.

"This defendant and his creditors," he said, "should be able to adjust their affairs among themselves. In this novel situation, there being no protest, I shall make findings of fact and recommend to the court that the proceedings be dismissed and the bankrupt discharged.

"I hear no protest. This hearing is adjourned."

It's All Good

(Continued from page 32)

nets the fish left behind in the little pools which will eventually dry up, and put them back in the main body of water.

So we are seeing today a steady improvement in most localities. We have a long way to go before we reach perfection. But in the regions where the work has been going on for a few years, we see the fish and game situation improving for the first time since the white man came. For the Indian, though he lived in large measure from the game and fish of his land, used so small a proportion that he did not disturb the natural balance and plenty.

The outstanding job of conservation —and it is more than that, it is really restocking and replacement—is that of Pennsylvania. Here, in a comparatively dense population, we find statistical evidence of the profusion of wild life. Yet it was not many years ago that the whole State of Pennsylvania was as fished-out and as hunted-out as Cook County, Illinois, or Westchester County, New York. The Pennsylvania experience proves that we may restock any region we wish to, and restore its old-time charm for the sportsman.

We were saying that the modern city-bred American has had no chance to learn a love for fishing and hunting. Unless he comes of a family where the out-of-doors is part of the family tradition, he does nothing to obtain for himself the pleasures of lake and stream and sea. He does not even look wistful as he passes the tempting windows of the sporting goods store, for he does not know what he is missing.

The sons and daughters of the adults of today should have such a chance. They will not have to go so far for these sports as do most of us today. In fact, if you investigate, you will probably find that your children and you can have good fishing and hunting rather close to home.

This, then, is a plea that you give them the opportunity. When you add to anyone's personality a taste for fishing and a knowledge of how to go about it, you have given that person one of the most valuable resources available in this bustling world of ours. Incidentally, while you are at it don't overlook doing the same valuable thing for yourself.

We read a good deal in the newspapers about what a hurrying, noisy world we live in as compared with the world of our fathers and grandfathers. In fact, we read so much about it that we rather discount all the talk about it. Which does not in any respect change the situation.

Even though office hours are today shorter than they used to be—and factory and farm hours, too—we accomplish far more work than did our immediate ancestors. Take my own job, for instance. It is so organized that work floods into my office with every telephone call and with every person who enters the room. Any man or woman,

BEING his own boss (subject to the all-seeing supervision of directors and stockholders), George Eaton Scott finds time to do a bit of fishing. He is twice over a president—first, of American Steel Foundries, and second, of the Izaak Walton League. He is a native of St. Louis, in which city, at the age of sixteen, he inaugurated his business career with the Simmons Hardware Company. In 1901 he migrated to Chicago, and has since made his home there. He became vice-president of American Steel Foundries in 1905, and was elevated to the presidency in 1929 when his predecessor, Robert P. Lamont, became Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Scott is a director in numerous corporations, but a new variety of treble-buck-tail spinner or streamer hackle dangled before his eyes will drive any quantity of corporation business out of his mind.

at the end of a day such as is typical with me, knows that he has been through a day's work. He is bound to feel a bit worn and jangled by it all. The nervous strain of modern life is considerably greater than any preceding generation has known.

In consequence we need to seek the woods and waters for relaxation far more urgently than did our forefathers. They spent their working days in the fields or in the small towns where noise and working under pressure were almost unknown. When they took their fishing rods with them for a day or a week of sport, they were far less in need of such a change than we are. They might conceivably have gained more actual rest by going into the city for a round of theatres and late hours!

Most of us today have too many late hours, too much of overwork and high pressure and the clangor of the city streets. The best we can do, for the sake of relaxation, is to get away from it. But if we go to the country with no definite program, with no objective other than to take a rest, we fall short of the maximum good from the vacation. We are not used to plain, unadorned loafing.

A day's fishing may be, and usually is, a hard day's work. The real fisherman is usually up in time to have his line in the water at dawn, when the fish are voracious and when there is no bright sunshine to cast tell-tale shadows. Unless the fish are biting so well that he has had his fill of the sport, or the legal limit, at an earlier hour, he is likely to stay out so long that he has a late luncheon. Then, as the afternoon's fishing approaches supper time, he finds the attraction of the late light too much—so he stays out until it is almost dark.

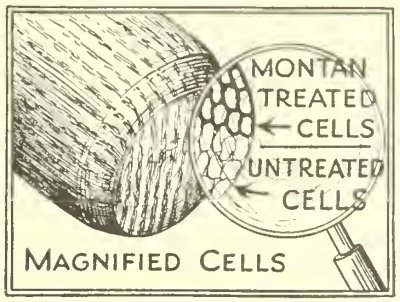
Do you say that this is not restful? I must in all honesty agree that it is very tiring. But it is a different kind of fatigue from the kind that follows a hard day's work in office or shop. For one thing, it has no hint of responsibility attached to it. The fisherman does not have to do it unless he wants to, which removes any feeling that he is being driven against his will. It is out of doors, where sun and wind and water combine in their beneficial action on his indoor body. If he is out for the first time of the season, and brings an office-bleached skin to the process, the results may be somewhat more radical than this.

But if it is not restful in the same sense as sitting in a rocking chair under a spreading tree, it is far more efficacious in restoring the body, the mind, and the nervous system to better than normal. The change of occupation, the early bedtime that the early rising makes necessary, the outdoor days and the country quiet, all make for a peace of mind that cannot easily be gained in any other way. The fisherman who returns to his job after a day or a week or a month in the wilds has gained a zest for his work, and the capacity to translate this zest into units of work.

But do not misunderstand that I recommend fishing merely as a means of recuperation. It is far more than that. It is good fun. *(Continued on page 48)*

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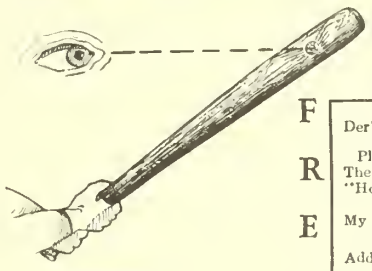


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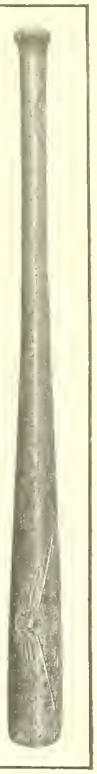
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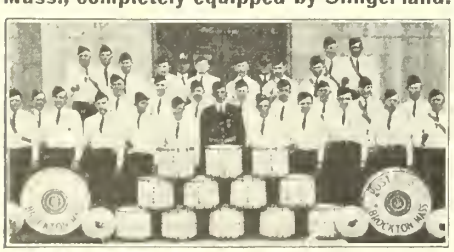
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It's All Good

(Continued from page 47)

There is required for good, restful fishing a surprising amount of know-how. Take still-fishing, for example—the simplest form of fishing, in which you use a line and bait, and probably a float to notify you when a fish comes to the bait. The best still fishing is done from a boat, for usually there are better ways to reach the fish than by sitting on the bank or on a pier. When you go out for even as elementary a form of fishing as this, you must know where the fish are likely to be. This varies with the weather, with the peculiarities of the body of water you are fishing, and with the kind of fish you hope to take. As you learn these basic rules, you increase your fishing lore.

Bait-casting, say for black bass, requires still greater skill. In the first place, you have to know how to cast. A beginner, with a rod and a reel and a baited hook, can in three seconds backlash his line into more complicated snarls than he can untangle in ten minutes. When he has mastered the knack of running out his line smoothly, he must learn to place his bait by casting to exactly the point he wants to reach. He will find, presently, that others catch more fish than he does—and he will discover that the reason is that they get their bait into the water with a tiny splash resembling the natural jump of a live frog or minnow, whereas his bait goes in with a splash guaranteed to scare away every fish within a hundred yards.

So it goes. He gradually learns to outthink the fish. As someone has put it, he learns to think like a fish, so that he is able to say with considerable assurance, "Now, under circumstances like this, if I were a black bass I think I'd go lie under that lily pad." When the guess is accurate, when the experimental cast is followed by the strike and the singing of the reel as the bass runs away with the bait, he is in for five or ten minutes of thrill such as he has never before enjoyed.

There are further stages of learning, like the successive degrees of initiation in a fraternal order. He may come to dry-fly fishing for trout, requiring in addition to technical skill a knowledge of which type of fly to use under given conditions. He will learn that it is one thing to outguess a black bass, but that a trout operates by an entirely different kind of psychology. And as long as our fisherman continues to extend his researches by setting out to catch different types of game fish, he has to keep learning. In fact, some of us who are inveterate fishermen with many honorable years of the sport behind us suspect that we have a great deal more yet to learn than we even knew could exist.

But the fact remains, it is real recreation. It is excellent for the health, and leads to better work afterwards.

Even if it weren't, I should still be an ardent fisherman. For above all, it is good fun.

A Laugh is No Joke

(Continued from page 13)

he intends to charge for a performance of one hour, two hours and so on. "How much would you charge for not playing at all?" asks Groucho. "Oh, that would run into real money," says Chico, which is what we call topping the gag. Those lines scored one hundred percent on laughs. So did the one where Groucho turns to his hostess with, "Do you mind if I don't smoke?" As I write them they are nothing to fall out of your chair about, but that is because I lack Groucho's art—which establishes another point in this laugh-producing business.

There is less talk in the talkies now than there was at first. The eye remains the quickest messenger of the brain—and the funny-bone. A great deal of the technique developed in the silents is coming back. This centers about the art of pantomime, one of the oldest forms of humor, of which Charlie Chaplin is the great modern exponent. In Clara Bow's picture "Her Wedding Night" Charles Ruggles has a scene in which he indicates that he is a cat entirely by pantomime. He gambled on it—and won. The scene is a knockout, bringing roars of laughter wherever shown.

The oldest and surest device of the pantomimist is the trick fall. In the Middle Ages when jesters were obliged to make royalty laugh on penalty of death their ace in the hole was the fall. In his latest picture, "The Playboy of Paris," Maurice Chevalier is roller skating with Stuart Erwin. Chevalier spies the beautiful blonde and in his haste to reach her takes a spill on the floor. The scene got a laugh wherever shown.

Akin to pantomime is all physical comedy. Our fathers laughed at pie-throwing, exploding cigars and falling bricks in burlesque. As boys we laughed at them in the silents. With certain refinements they're in the talkies and will stay because their principle is as old as humor itself. So is the principle of racial ego. A funny Negro must be lazy, a Scotchman parsimonious, a Swede stubborn, an Irishman belligerent, an Englishman slow to get the point—and all must mispronounce the language.

Less widely known is the fact that animals nearly always add a light touch and children usually do. A casual animal in a scene is natural comedy relief because automatically it brings one to a different plane of consideration. A dog in a "straight" scene can take out just

enough of the stiffness to produce a pleasing reaction. But many a shot has been spoiled by the wag of a dog's tail, making a sombre moment appear ridiculous. In life it might have had no such effect, but the screen and stage are not life. They are illusion.

It is simpler, much simpler, to make audiences cry than to make them laugh. Grief is a great common denominator of mankind. The difficulties that I have described in ascertaining what will make people laugh are present in the delineation of pathos, but in smaller degree. Crowd reaction is not so essential to tell us where we stand. Viewing a new production alone, or almost alone, in a projection-room I have been moved by precisely the same scenes that later were found to touch thousands of audiences to tears. That is the rule, rather than the exception.

It would be an injustice to call Miss Ruth Chatterton simply a great emotional actress because she is a great all-round actress whom incidentally a Hollywood jury of critics credited with the highest number of "perfect" performances in 1930 of any player before the camera. The restraint with which she plays emotional rôles is a mark of her genius. More than one handkerchief was out during the studio showing of the old stage favorite, "Madame X," in which she withholds the identity of her son, a promising young lawyer, permitting him to prosecute her in court and degrade her name that his own self-esteem may not suffer. The man or woman who has seen that picture without a moistening of the eyes carries his emotions deep within him, for as many people have wept for Miss Chatterton in that scene as ever shed honest tears in a playhouse.

Contrition, repentance, sacrifice, loss, compunctions of honor or duty, courage with which one takes the arrows of adverse fortune — these inevitably touch the well-springs. One of the most effective scenes on the screen last year depicted the fortitude with which an old charwoman (Beryl Mercer) went about her homely tasks when the waif of a Canadian soldier whom she had adopted was killed in battle. This was in "Seven Days Leave."

In "Laughter" Nancy Carroll showed another route to the sympathetic emotions. She is a chorus girl who to get some stability in her life marries an elderly rich man who is tender, kind and honorable. Then along comes the young musician, now successful, who in his starvation days had won the little trouper's heart. Shall she go with him? That was a problem we were sure would appeal especially to women—and it did.

But mistake me not, the volume of laughs or tears or the number of times your hair stands up over a thrill is not the standard by which the success of a picture is measured by that lion-tamer of us producers, the audience. It's the glow of satisfaction that a fellow feels on the way home. No one thing gives him that glow, but a combination of many things, running the gamut of the theater's technique as applied to the human species in search of recreation.

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31x5.25-21"	3.20	1.35	33x4½	3.20 1.45
30x5.77-20"	3.20	1.40	34x4½	3.45 1.45
31x6.00-19"	3.20	1.40	30x5	3.60 1.75
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Then and Now

(Continued from page 31)

freighters built for service on the Great Lakes and used by the Navy to haul coal for the A. E. F. In January, 1919, she was pressed into service to haul Belgian Relief supplies from Rotterdam to Danzig, because the large Merchant Marine ships which brought the supplies from the States to Rotterdam, were too valuable to risk in the mine-strewn North Sea.

"The snapshot enclosed, showing left to right, Gluth, Gibson and Kinne (or 'Tex' as I was then known), was taken in Rotterdam where we were trying to forget our real homesickness. And, incidentally, that is real beer. I guess we got pretty wild as our captain and executive officer both got into trouble. Would like to hear from the boys in the picture and other old shipmates."



Tommy Bates, mascot of the 142d Marines, poses with ex-gob A. M. Dahlen. Where and what is Tommy now?

THE motley array of wartime mascots — dogs, goats, mules, etc.," writes ex-gob A. M. Dahlen, now principal of the Wahpelton (North Dakota) Public Schools, "have been paraded in our magazine for years now, but as far as I know the prince of mascots, Tommy Bates of the 142d Marines, has not been given the honor he so well deserves.

"Recently a couple of us were reliving the days at New London, Connecticut, where this company of leather-necks were guarding the mysteries of the Naval Experimental Stations during the big guerre. The talk drifted to Tommy and his tough pals and I know a mob of 'Theners' who wonder where this child marvel is now located. It hardly behooves a mere gob to say anything good of the Marines, but they have undisputed claim to the best, toughest, smallest and most colorful of the tribe of boy mascots. Tommy was in a class by himself and I know a lot of us would feel better if we knew where he is and if he escaped a leather-neck sergeantcy.

"I first saw Tommy at New London either in the summer of 1918 or 1919. After seeing a bunch of rather foolish specimens of mascots, it was refreshing to see something real in that line. You can't imagine how those hard-boiled leather-necks loved that little kid and the sailors on that station also fawned upon him, even in his Marine outfit. He was nonchalant about it all, just a perfect kid, even though his vocabulary had begun to be tainted from his associates.

"I would certainly like to know what became of that kid."

PLANS for reunions to be held in Detroit, Michigan, in conjunction with the Legion national convention, September 21st to 24th, are already being laid by some outfits. Raymond J. Kelly, 11,200 Shoemaker Street, Detroit, has been appointed Chairman of Reunions by the Detroit Convention committee and will assist veterans' organizations contemplating reunions.

Following are announcements of coming veteran events:

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC.—General reunion of all IVY men at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21-24. For particulars and for information regarding quarterly publication, *Ivy Leaves*, address Miss Dorothy Egan, asst. secy., Fourth Div. Assoc., 720 No. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

104TH INF. VETS. ASSOC., A. E. F.—Twelfth annual reunion, Apr. 24-25, Fitchburg, Mass. L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, Grand Island, Nebr., Oct. 15. To complete roster, former members send names and addresses to Oscar Roeser, 1408 W. Koenig st., Grand Island.

28TH INF., CO. B—Former enlisted men who served between June 9, 1917, and July 23, 1918, report, giving date of service, to Capt. Clarence R. Oliver Committee, 262 E. 14th st., Elmira Heights, N. Y.

110TH INF., CO. L—To complete roster, and obtain information regarding 1931 reunion, former members report to West A. Reed, Blairsville, Pa.

316TH INF., CO. F—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Apr. 11. James E. Ernst, chairman, 1731 Willington st., Philadelphia. Few copies of company history are also still available.

326TH INF., M. G. CO.—Former members interested in reunion address W. B. Cogan, 237 Main st., Matawan, N. J.

151ST M. G. BN., CO. D—To complete roster, former members report to R. Earle Dennis, 124 S. Main st., Manheim, Pa.

11TH F. A.—To complete roster and to obtain information regarding next reunion, former members write to R. C. Dickieson, secy., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

134TH F. A.—Reunion at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Apr. 11. H. M. Bush, 299 So. Front st., Columbus.

328TH F. A.—Eighth annual reunion, Occidental Hotel, Muskegon, Mich., June 15-16. For information and to obtain copy of magazine, the *Red Guidon*, address L. J. Lynch, adjt., 209 Elm st., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

108TH F. A., BTTY. E—Proposed reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., in May. Harry A. Garvin, 1905 E. Allegheny av., Philadelphia, Pa.

136TH F. A. BTTY. B—Third annual reunion, Montgomery, Ala., November, 9-11. J. M. Enright, 101 N. Haldy av., Columbus, Ohio.

17TH ENGRS.—Central Ohio veterans have organized with headquarters at Columbus. Addresses of former members wanted by L. H. McReynolds, 359 Clinton st., Columbus, Ohio.

18TH U. S. ENGRS. RY. ASSOC.—Pacific Coast reunions as follows: SEATTLE-TACOMA, WASH., UNIT, Apr. 4. J. M. McDonald, secy., 2227 Prescott av., Scattle; PORTLAND, ORE., UNIT, Apr. 11. E. E. Anderson, secy., 146-A Broadway,

Portland; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., UNIT, Apr. 18, Elks Club, San Francisco. H. A. Kern, secy., 190 Otis st., San Francisco; LOS ANGELES, CAL., UNIT, Apr. 25. W. L. Duggan, 309 A. G. Bartlett bldg., Los Angeles.

21ST ENGRS., L. R., SOC.—Eleventh annual reunion, Detroit, Sept. 21-24, in conjunction with Legion national convention. Frederick G. Webster, secy. and treas., 6819-A Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23D ENGRS.—Reunion, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21-24, in conjunction Legion national convention. F. R. Erilsizer, comdr., 23d Engrs. Post, American Legion, 5253 Allendale, Detroit.

26TH ENGRS.—Members interested in veterans' association and proposed reunion during Legion national convention in Detroit. Sept. 21-24, address Ray Bielman, 8100 Gratiot av., or W. W. White, 15217 Forrer av., Detroit, Mich.

31ST RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—Third annual reunion in Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21-24, in conjunction with Legion national convention. F. E. Love, secy., 113 First av., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 6. George Remple, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

CO. A, SIGNAL CORPS, COROZAL, C. Z.—Former members interested in association and reunion, address Winston Hayes, Box 36, Montcagle, Tenn.

USAAC's—U. S. Army Amb. Serv. convention and reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. John H. Fetter, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

AMERICAN FIELD SERV.—Annual reunion and convention, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. All men who served with French Army, 1915-16 and '17, write to Albert E. Herrmann, natl. comdr., USAAC's, 1625 W. Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. A. S.—Annual convention, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. All men who served with French, 1915-17, address Lyle C. Jordan, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

S. S. U. 524 AND 525—Reunion and banquet, Atlantic City, N. J., July 18. Louis Izenskie, Electrical Bureau, Atlantic City, N. J.

S. S. U. 567—Annual reunion, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. Sgt. John Parcell, 1953 Rowan st., Philadelphia, Pa.

S. S. U. 650, PARIS HQ., AND S. S. U. 537—Annual reunion and dinner, Hotel Monticello, Atlantic City, N. J., July 16-19. Al Herrmann, 1625 W. Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

213TH AERO SQDRN.—Dinner and meeting, Wentworth Hotel, W. 46th st., New York City, second Tuesday each month. A. F. Abarno, Keith-Albee Theatre bldg., Flushing, N. Y.

638TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Albany, N. Y., date to be announced later. Paul W. Staffstrom, P. O. Box 115, Oakville, Conn.

VETS. ASSOC. OF AIR SERV. MECHAN. REGTS.—Sixth annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 27-29. Thomas J. Leary, secy.-treas., 7141 Jeffery av., Chicago, Ill.

BASE SPARE PARTS 1, 2 and 3. M. T. C. 327—La Societe des Soldats de Verneuil—Annual reunion, Midland Club, Chicago, Ill., April 4. B. C. Peterson, Jr., Midland Club, Chicago.

U. S. S. *Ticonderoga*—Proposed reunion of all Army and Navy survivors of battle with enemy submarine, Sept. 30, 1918. Frank L. Muller, 1227 Mountain View, San Fernando, Calif.

U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*—Reunion of members of former crew, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21-24, in conjunction with Legion national convention. Dr. M. M. Sorenson, 1506 State st., Racine, Wisc.

U. S. S. *South Dakota*—Proposed reunion during Legion convention, Detroit, Sept. 21-24. Philip T. Wallace, 14 Edwin st., Brookline, Mass.

U. S. S. *Rhode Island*—Reunion during Legion national convention, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21-24. Sumner W. Leighton, 1118 So. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

BASE HOSP., FT. SILL, OKLA.—Former members interested in proposed reunion, write to F. R. McCollough, Glasco, Kans.

BASE HOSP. No. 3, AND FIELD HOSP. No. 112, Paris, France—Former personnel interested in reunion in conjunction with Legion national convention, Detroit, Sept. 21-24, address F. J. Maynard, 501 S. Warren st., Trenton, N. J.

UNIVERSITY OF POITIERS, FRANCE—Former students who propose to attend Legion national convention, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21-24, write to Alan B. Leonard, 601 Cadillac Square bldg., or Dan M. Lynch, 703 Hammond bldg., Detroit, regarding reunion.

CAMP MEADE COUNTRY CLUB AND FIRST CAMP FT. NIAGARA ASSOC.—Names and addresss of all who attended first camp wanted by Bill Peck, secy. & treas., 1695 N. 56th st., Philadelphia, Pa. First reunion will be held Jan. 16, 1932.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—Fund being raised for Marine Memorial, in form of water-supply windmill and powerhouse for Lucy-le-Bocage, France. Contributions from active and veteran Marines and their families may be sent to W. Karl Lations, Natl. Comdr., 108 Forest st., Worcester, Mass.

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What Insurance Wants to Know

(Continued from page 15)

Having served for five years in submarines, he was not expecting reassignment. His risk was well taken. It was just the company's bad luck that the Navy changed its mind two weeks later and put the man back aboard a submarine. Having been made in good faith, the policy remains valid.

The possibility of war can not very well be considered in writing a policy. Just after our sailors and Marines occupied Vera Cruz in 1916, the National Guard expected war with Mexico. Our company was flooded with applications for insurance. We told agents to go ahead and write policies. The war did not come off; only a few of the first premiums were paid. But we had been willing.

This policy had been fixed long before. Back in 1910, or thereabouts, we decided that the possibility of war did not detract from the desirability of writing insurance for Army and Navy officers. The reasoning was that a large proportion of them would be of senior rank in the next war, away from front-line duty. Some would be required in training recruits, far from the battle-front. The World War proved the logic of this reasoning.

Actually, wars today are fought by whole nations. The electrician or blacksmith of today is as liable to be killed in the next war, almost, as a brand new lieutenant out of West Point. Aviators tell us that the civilian population will be in jeopardy almost equal to that of the infantry.

After war has been declared, however, it would be necessary to differentiate. We would ask about your probability of service. As I have said before, the greatest support to the financial structure of this country is insurance. The highest patriotism of any insurance company would be to protect its policyholders.

But if a war were on the horizon, war risk insurance doubtless would be resumed, after the precedent of 1917. And permit me to mention right here that one question we ask of veterans who seek insurance is this: "Do you carry war risk insurance?"

If so, you are asked if you intend continuing it. If you say no, then you can't buy any more insurance from us. War risk insurance is the safest and cheapest that money can buy. The man who would abandon it for another policy would be a bad risk.

Returning to the rates levied according to occupation, they generally are fixed by actuarial investigation, just as are the rates we seek of military men. Some occupations are very dangerous. Followers of such trades either pay more or receive no insurance. Premiums are graded, first, according to age; second, according to the hazards of occupation. Sometimes they are graded according to physical condition—your *apparent* age.

The questions we ask all tend to discover the risks you may possess, often without your own knowledge. The insurance business has discovered that the man who lives in a mansion on the hill on a gashouse income is a bad moral risk, just as the man who spends his nights carousing is a bad moral risk. But our questions, I hope, have occasionally the tendency to mitigate these risks.

JAMES L. HOWARD *has been an insurance man since 1898, in which year he was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. In 1922 the Travelers, the only company he ever worked for, made him a vice-president. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American War and saw service on the Mexican Border in 1916. Called into the Federal service on July 25, 1917, while at the head of the First Separate Squadron of Connecticut Cavalry, he retained command of that unit when it became the 101st Machine Gun Battalion, 26th Division. He was wounded in the second battle of the Marne in July, 1918. In the attack on Marcheville, September 26th, his heroism brought him the D. S. C. Between April, 1918, and November 6, 1918, while overseas, Mr. Howard, then a major, was acting chief of staff of the Yankee Division. In August he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and on November 6, 1918, was promoted to the General Staff as assistant chief of staff of the 26th Division.*

For One Night Only

(Continued from page 27)

House. Mr. Ruby had the yearning that leads somebody each year to eat and sleep for several days at the gate of the stadium in which the first baseball game of the World's Series will be played. He figured that he would be first in the long line of White House visitors who would greet President Hoover on New Year's morning. Another chap named Arthur Demars had the same idea, but didn't get up quite so early.

What happened to Mr. Ruby and Mr. Demars provided a story for almost every newspaper in the country on New Year's Day, with rotogravure photographs later and reel after reel of topical talkies. The two men were conducted from the cold of a White House portico to the basement where President Hoover and his medicine ball cabinet were taking their six o'clock daily exercise and a half-hour later sat down at breakfast with Mr. Hoover and the other players.

Mr. Ruby told Jasper Post all about it a week or so later. Mrs. Ruby added the best touch to his story, however, when

she revealed that her husband, who ate the White House scrambled eggs with gusto, won't so much as look at them at home.

The Roll Call

A NOTABLE addition to the long list of Legionnaire contributors to the Monthly is Ty Cobb, who has written "The Baseball Riddle" for this issue. Mr. Cobb is a member of Louis L. Battey Post of Augusta, Georgia. Karl W. Detzer belongs to Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan, and Frederick Palmer to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. Thomas J. Malone is a member of Theodore Peterson Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Dr. W. W. Bauer, a member of Racine (Wisconsin) Post, is Racine's city health commissioner. Willard Cooper was formerly National Publicity Director of The American Legion.

PHILIP VON BLON

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 23)

has been no politics in the assignments" —for the first time in our war history. Baker wrote "approved" across the list, and so one hundred and twenty colonels became generals. A further tryout was to be when officers, who had never commanded more than five hundred or a thousand men in the routine of the regular machine were to make ten or twenty thousand draftees trained soldiers before they themselves had learned how to command them in action.

With the addition of the National Army divisions to our forces under training our little band of regular officers were spread more thinly over the whole. The burden of the active ones would be the heavier as others were worn down by overwork and meticulous attention to tutelary detail and generals who, as the board which promoted them had predicted, would be unable to bear out the promise of their peace-time records. Pershing was soon acutely aware of an aspect of this difficulty in actual contact with the effect of the strain in the trench line in comparison with that in the comfortable quarters of regimental commanders and general officers in the old home posts or in the new cantonments. In a cablegram of July 28th, 1917, Pershing said:

"My observations of British French armies and most exacting service conditions at the front fully convinces that only officers in full mental and physical vigor should be sent here. Contrary course means certain inefficiency in our service and possible later humiliation to officers concerned. General officers must undergo extreme effort in personal supervision in the trenches. Very few British French division commanders over forty-five or brigadiers over forty. We have too much at stake to risk inefficiency through mental or physical defects. Strongly recommend conditions be fully considered in making high appointments and suggest that no officer of whatever rank be sent here for active service who is not strong and robust in every particular. Officers selected for appointment as general officers of the line should be those with experience in commanding troops.

The colonels or lieutenant colonels of the old Regular Army had, as a rule and habit of the service, the devotion of their subordinates who always saw the "old man" through the rose-tinted glasses of loyalty. A promotion board passing over the "old man" was another influence in the delicate sensibilities of the imponderables of army morale under a republic. It would have suffered in the French army and there would have been public resentment, if on the day of mobilization, August 1st, 1914, Joffre had retired a few hundred elders and promoted youngsters in their places. To have kept the age limit under fifty would have excluded James G. Harbord and Charles P. Summerall, commanders of the First and Second Divisions. Both were on the front line on the night of the first day of the drive against the Château-Thiérry salient, July 18th, 1918, under conditions when some diminution of their mental and physical vigor would have been welcome mental and physical rest for their young subordinates.

Felix Frankfurter, who had had long experience as a civilian in the War Department, had been sent to France soon after Pershing's arrival to bring home any recommendations by Pershing and any observations which might aid in understanding Pershing's problems. Frankfurter had brought home a first memorandum from Pershing of a list of officers who Pershing thought lacked vigor, to which I shall refer later.

Pershing's cable was rather significant because it was the beginning of the call from France for conspicuously capable officers. Naturally, the Chief of Staff would retain some of them for the home organization. This competition, if that is not too strong a word, for army ability may be said to have become more acute after March became chief of staff. But Pershing indicated in a letter, supplementing the cablegram, that he realized the War Department's problem and did not wish for officers essential at home, where the argument was the importance of efficiency in the home organization.

PERSHING had appealed early to Baker to come to France to see the truth of the situation for himself, that situation which was so tellingly expressed in his prompt call for an army of a million men. In a letter of September 10th Baker expressed his appreciation of the value of a visit which "would, of course, add definiteness to my information and make it easier to work at this end of the line for the support of your army." But, as yet, no Cab- *(Continued on page 54)*



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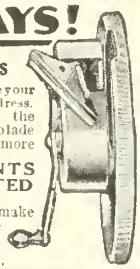
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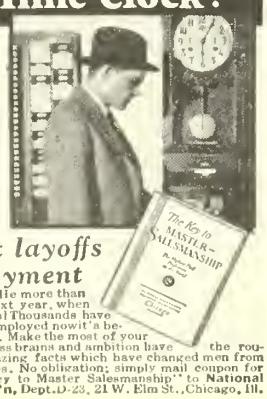
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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 53)

inet officer had visited Europe, and a visit at that time "would be deemed to have a diplomatic character, which would be inopportune if not embarrassing." After his experience of all the formalties of the tours of the Allied missions to America, Baker seems to have been aware that a return visit to France could not be restricted to business, but must include "courtesies which the French government would desire to extend."

"Moreover, it seems important for me," Baker went on, "not to relax my personal supervision of the preparation of supplies and men to be forwarded just at this time. But I am hopeful that I can come a little later, when our camps are thoroughly established and our preparation going forward as smoothly as I trust it soon will, and an absence would be less difficult here and perhaps more helpful to you."

Baker paid a compliment to Pershing for his conduct since his landing in England: "As you know, you started with our full confidence, but we feel happy to have our judgment justified as it has been at every point by your discretion, tact, and effective activity."

Then:

"There are three points about which I am especially concerned and about which I would be glad to have your confidential observation whenever a convenient means of communicating with me presents itself.

"1. I am especially concerned that our troops should not be engaged in actual fighting in France until they are there in such numbers and have made such thorough preparation that their first appearance will be encouraging both to their own morale and to the spirit of our people here. I think it goes without saying that the Germans will make a very special effort to strike swiftly and strongly against any part of the line which we undertake to defend, in order to be able to report to their people encouragingly about our participation and also with the object of discouraging our soldiers and our people as much as possible. I have no doubt this has all been present in your mind and I refer to it only because I want you to know that we will exercise all the patience necessary on this side and will not ask you to put your troops into action until in your own judgment both the time is opportune and the preparation thoroughly adequate."

Baker's second point was:

"In the matter of selecting corps and division commanders, I constantly feel that I ought to have your advice and judgment. You realize, of course, the difficulty of selecting division commanders out of our Army, made up as it is of very zealous and fine men but necessarily men who have had no experience with the sort of warfare now being waged, and few, if any of them, having even had the experience of actually commanding a division of troops in maneuvers. From all that you have said, supplemented by all I have learned elsewhere, the need for young and physically strong men is apparent and I am perfectly willing to go to any limit in meeting this requirement. It will, of course, necessitate passing over a substantial number of our older general officers who are very eager to go to France and who in their own ideas and that of the country have certain right to be preferred; but their occupation here in the training of the troops is, of course, a valuable contribution to the cause, and, whenever I can feel sure in the selection of the younger man that he actually has the capacity to develop to a sufficient extent to justify his being preferred to a man of greater experience, I shall not hesitate. But most of these younger officers present problems of judgment and forecast, and your advice on the subject would be most helpful. At present I am planning to send practically all of the general officers to France for a visit to the front, so that they will come back to their training camps with actual knowledge of the conditions of present methods of warfare. After they have been to France, they are to call on me individually to report and I hope in that way to have opportunity to make personal estimate of their vigor and alertness both of mind and body. In the meantime, you, of course, will see them all while they are in France and I would be grateful if you would let me have an estimate of the impressions they make on you while they are actually at the scene of war and studying the conditions at the front."

The third point related to a subject in which Baker had shown such deep interest on the Mexican border:

"In this country, we have been able to surround our camps with an environment far better than any soldiers in this country have ever had. The problem of drink is certainly under control and the problem of prostitution is in a better condition than we have ever had it. When our troops get to France, however, both of these problems present new and difficult aspects. The local police situation is, of course, difficult, and I have no notion what steps can be taken to minimize these two evils. I think, before very long, I shall ask Mr. Raymond Fosdick, chairman of our recreational committee, to visit France and see whether any helpful solution of these problems can be afforded by an extension of the recreation system which we are devising here to our camps in France."

WHAT was to be the order of the going of our divisions to France? That for the Regulars was easily settled in the one, two, three order of the First, Second, Third and Fourth. After the First and Second, which included Marines, a National Guard division should

have its turn. Which one? Each had no doubt that it was entitled to the honor. The National Army divisions had not been in camp a month before each one thought that there was one National Army division which should precede any National Guard division. Here was another subject for conflicting pressure from many sources on the War Department. Baker tells of discussing the subject one day when Major Douglas MacArthur was in his office:

"The problem was really sentimental and nobody knew what turn public sentiment would take about it. There were two States, New York and Pennsylvania, which each had a full division in its National Guard. All the other National Guard divisions were made up from contingents from combinations of States. If we sent overseas the New York division, the rest of the country might be jealous at the preference given to New York, while in New York, on the other hand, there might be resentment at sending their boys first all from one State.

"I said to Major MacArthur that I wished we had a division in which there were components from every State so that each State could take pride from the fact that some of its own boys were among the first to go. Major MacArthur suggested that in the formation of the National Guard divisions, there were frequently minor elements left over which were in a sense unattached to any divisional organization and that they might be grouped together. I sent for General Mann, the Chief of the Militia bureau, and asked him whether there were enough of the surplus organizations to form a division and explained to him that I wanted them, when brought together, to represent as many States and as widespread geographical distribution as possible — if possible to practically cover the United States. Major MacArthur said:

"'Like a rainbow!'

"General Mann went back to his office and in some hours reported the proposed constitution of the Rainbow Division, and I told him that I wanted him to command the division and Major MacArthur to be its chief of staff. Both were full of enthusiasm about the project. General Mann was so enthusiastic that after leaving my office, he returned in about two hours dressed in a trench coat and various overseas equipment to show how rapidly he had gotten ready to take his place in the division."

The National Army's counterpart of the Rainbow was the "All America" 82d, training at Camp Gordon, which represented every State in the Union, and was to fight in the wicked trough and up the heights of the Aire. Of course, all the Regular divisions and all the Navy was All America.

IF THERE were any lack of consciousness of it in official circles, the blast of letters of alarm on the subject would have kept the War Department alive to the danger of men of German descent, who were secretly still faithful to the Kaiser, going abroad as officers or soldiers in our regiments. Desertion to the enemy with valuable information would be easy. Extremists would exclude from the Army all men with German names. Some of them protested as the descendants of soldiers in the Revolutionary and other wars, against such a cruelly unfair reflection upon their loyalty.

The first plan of the War College was to have a board examine all persons who might be suspected before their embarkation for France. But Baker would have none of this time-wasting and conspicuous formula, although there must be no laxity in preventing a German sympathizer, who would desert to the enemy with information, from reaching France in the ranks of our Army. The real source of information was the company officers of any unit arriving for embarkation. They had intimate means for counter-espionage in the course of camp routine and training. They knew the soldiers who were indifferent and those who exhibited a whispering defeatist attitude that might affect morale more seriously than the fulminations of professional grouches.

In a letter which Bliss wrote as a precedent in the matter as our First Division was embarking, he directed that captains were to be assembled in conference to "determine whether any officer or man of the command has by word or deed made himself liable to the charge of being a German agent or a disloyal person. Should such be found, the proper charge will be made against such person and he will be sent under guard to Governor's Island and turned over to the commanding officer for safe keeping. You will see that such action is not taken merely on suspicion arising from the person's nationality, descent, or name. However, in case of suspicion, special care will be taken to examine his baggage or anything brought on board by him and to hold him under careful observation during the voyage." Transport commanders were to examine their crews personally and proper agents inspect every part of the transport before sailing.

At the bottom of this order was the following postcript which Baker dictated:

"The Secretary of War directs that his instructions, as conveyed in the letter above, be carried out in such a way as to avoid publicity and so as to avoid giving the troops the unjustifiable impression that the loyalty of anyone is being questioned, or anything is being done other than that of making necessary protection for the safety of all."

Up the heights of the Vesle men of German blood of the 32d from Milwaukee charged with a reckless courage as if they welcomed one sure way to acquit themselves as American citizens of any sympathy with Kaiserism, and men of German blood fought elsewhere in the same spirit.

It was unlikely, that in the choice of spies to be enlisted in our forces, the German secret service would choose men of German name who would naturally be open to suspicion. Moreover, the soldier within the narrow orbit of his company, on the march, and in the trenches, would not have *(Continued on page 56)*



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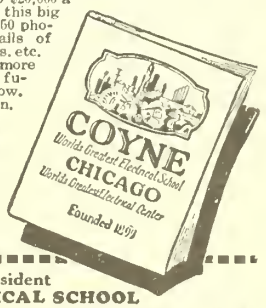
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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 55)

much general information about army totals and plans.

AMONG the protests tending to increase the number of heat prostrations in Washington were those of the nation's women joining their feminine voices to the male chorus for more coördination when the women's committees of the State Councils of National Defense were finding that the activities of local women's committees were overlapping their own. War appeared to be very singularly a man's business. Sons and brothers were being told what to do when their sisters and mothers were not.

British women had passed through the same cycle when the British new army was forming, and that "brute," Lord Kitchener, could find no more room for women ambulance drivers or welfare workers at the front when he was rushing the oldest reservists into the trenches in Flanders in the winter of 1914-'15 to hold the Germans back from the sea. In America we were to come to the time, which the British had long since attained, when we were to use all our woman-power as well as our man-power.

Yet the only class which could step from civil life into army service fully prepared for a part in military organization was composed entirely of women. They had had three years' training, as long a period as a French conscript, to make them veterans in comparison with candidates for officers' training camps who had to learn in three months how to drill the rookies in the cantonments. There was no awkward squad interlude for these members of the *corps d'elite* of feminine war service before they took their place among the regulars. If war preparation had been as simple for the rest of us as for them we might have been as well prepared a month after our entry into the War as Germany was when it began. They must not be confounded with the women who presided at canteens for the Red Cross, or the Y. M. C. A., or who had any part in any welfare organization. For they and the expert women dietitians, and expert hospital assistants were the only women who were strictly in the Army, obeying its orders, wearing its uniform, no less than sergeants and generals.

They knew discipline, hospital discipline, from the necessity of a calling in which any lapse from duty might mean a patient's death, when punctuality was registered by a more severe dial than the time clock of a factory. They had long since had their baptism of fire. They were inured to scenes as grisly, repellent and at the same time as appealing and tragic as those of war. They knew what it was to stand by the dying and report death to stricken relatives.

A sick or wounded soldier was just another sick or injured man, and the woman's part in nursing him the same, whether he fell ill in or out of uniform or was dropped by a civil accident or a bullet or fragment of a shell. Experience had convinced the Regular Army that hospital orderlies could not take the place of women in army hospitals. A man is a poor nurse.

Men may think that they can fight without training, a people may risk the lives of their soldiers under amateur command, but they will be as loath to leave the care of sons and brothers who are soldiers, when sick or wounded, to amateur care as when the sons and brothers are in civil life. Here the graduate nurse's diploma is the one acceptable certificate of fitness which ranks with the cross of the veteran won in action. The American Nursing Association, which required this diploma for admission, was probably the most strictly professional of all women's organizations in the field of which women have the exclusive mastery. Many of its members were registered in the American Red Cross, subject to call for emergency, whether it was fire, flood, or war.

So, in May, 1917, with the same promptness that the French or German soldier conscripts responded to their calls to take their places in mobilization, the units of altogether eight hundred nurses were soon on their way to France before Pershing and his staff started. In answer to the British call for more trained nurses, before our first contingent had landed at St. Nazaire, these "sisters" were helping to care for the glut of British wounded from the Passchendaele offensive. Among them were Miss (Major) Julia C. Stimson, afterwards chief nurse of the A. E. F., and, at the time of writing, Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps. In her office in Washington, after she had told me of the nurses' work in the A. E. F., she turned to Miss (Captain) S. L. Milliken, her assistant, saying:

"Here's one who didn't have my luck. They wouldn't part with her on this side, where she fought the influenza epidemic."

While the pioneer contingents went to France the others were summoned to serve the expanding army in training at home. Used to irregular hours, already having army camaraderie as part of the psychology of cheer of their calling, they made the best of the situation when they arrived at the cantonments. There, when the first provision was for food and shelter for the men, they found the hospitals unfinished and camped out in improvised quarters in the midst of shavings, while the contractor's workmen continued their hammering and building.

There will be more to say of the nurses corps, which was to expand from four hundred upon our entry into the War to more than four thousand, exclusive of women doctors, dietitians, laboratory technicians, emergency nurses and students. Only those among women war-workers who were actually in the Army may belong to the Legion. They were the only corps whose troubles were

not stepped up to the final resort of all troubles, the Secretary of War. They presented no problem. All they had to do was to go on with their bit.

Nor did we want for doctors, surgeons and dentists. Although our youth were going to the training camps, there were no more men to be ill than before we entered the war, just as there were no more mouths to be fed. Young doctors, with small practices, could look after far more patients than in peace time, especially when they had only to preside at the morning sick report, or pass along the corridor of an army hospital to attend a case. It was a doctor's decision that dropped the jaw of a slacker in finding him physically fit, and broke the heart of a gallant man by finding him physically unfit. It was the doctor who had the first turn at the recruit and the last turn at him when he was demobilized, in writing the terse reports which are now in the steel filing cabinets where the nation keeps the records of its World War soldiers; the doctor who bent over the wounded man after he fell, and classified him at the first-aid stations; who, with a nurse in attendance, stood over him at the operating table; and who patched him up to go back and fight again or so that he could earn his living in civil life. An army opposed to an army without doctors would have only to wait for the enemy to die from disease.

The draft boards' medical teams of tubercular, orthopedic, cardio-vascular, neuro-psychiatric, dental, eye, ear, nose, and throat experts, normally examined two hundred and fifty men a day. In the rush they examined as many as one thousand a day. Closer sifting began at the cantonments where each batch of arrivals were gone over again to make sure that none had a communicable disease or illness. They were submitted to the final test and registered in four classes. Class A was fit for immediate service, B and C went into development battalions, as having remedial defects, and D was discharged as unfit for duty.

The nation was not so astounded that one-half of our recruits needed dental attention as at the large percentage who responded so poorly to intelligence tests and who suffered from malnutrition and all manner of defects which made them unfit.

As gassed men were under its care the Army Medical Corps had charge of the manufacture and inspection of the millions of gas masks supplied to our troops. It was responsible for general sanitation whose unpleasant drudgery was far removed from the glamor of dress parade, or marches past, or the supreme romance of the "ace" flyer in aerial battle. Two hundred men sleeping in the same barrack were very subject to epidemics, and an epidemic would bring more alarm to soldiers' relatives than a shortage of blankets or overcoats. The watchdogs of army cuisine had to fight flies which held out so persistently, to make sure that soldiers washed their mess tins clean, and that there was hot water in the cantonments for the washing; summon men weary with drill to sanitary police duty; keep an eye on plumbing and disposal of sewage, when sewage systems were installed, and on latrines before they were; to look after the disposal of garbage which made a haven for fly-breeding.

And no one had so good reason to know as a doctor that man is primarily an animal who is the subject of unpleasant necessities, which unpleasant human habits can make even more disagreeable.

Should summer heat taint food there would be another most acute horror to mothers and fathers who would sound the cry of "poisoning our boys." There must be a sharp eye on everything that went to the kitchen as well as on everything that went to its cooking. Secretary of Agriculture Houston assigned men from the Bureau of Animal Industry to inspect the meat which was kept on the sidings in refrigerator cars until refrigerating plants were built. And near the barracks where men lived must be the stalls for the horses of the artillery and the mules of the transports, while the veterinarians were on the watch against animal epidemics. Wooden troughs that were a source of infection must be replaced by cement troughs. The dreadful glanders might stop artillery training or prevent the artillery from going to France from lack of horses.

But this was only in camp. The cruelly detached part of the non-combatant under fire, without firing back, was not that of the Red Cross or any other welfare organization. It was that of the soldiers of the Medical Corps exclusively. The reserve medical officers must know how to command their own soldiers. They might know already how to make a sanitary camp, but the fastidious Regular superiors demanded that it should also look military. A doctor could not step untrained into such an organization whose discipline was inevitably military. Its soldiers must be disciplined and organized no less than the infantry when they were no less a part of the Army, and trained in their part of bearing the wounded from the front to the dressing stations, and sending them on in ambulances and hospital trains until they reached the base hospital.

Doctors, army medical officers say, are essentially individualists who deal directly with individuals in a personal attention whose systemization would be ruinous in civil practice. They can not turn over a diagnosis or an operation to a private secretary as they would a letter to be answered. While the candidates for the line officers were being examined, so were the candidates for the officers of the Medical Corps, with the American Medical Association and the medical section of the Council of National Defense under Dr. Franklin Martin, and all the state and city medical societies assisting.

The surgeons, from head to orthopedic, and all specialists from eyes to psychiatry, were classified for hospital service. The only military training for their part was to know how to salute, and even that was immaterial except to Regulars. They came from rich practices, these colonels, majors, and captains—what did rank matter to them?—all the great ones of *(Continued on page 58)*

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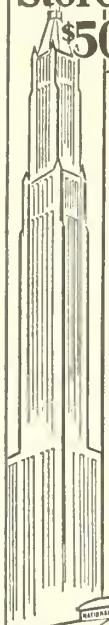
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Rush $1.50 for sample dozen with counter display card and full details of our sure-fire selling plans and quantity prices for selling to dealers. You take no risk. We guarantee you sales or refund your money. Single sample 25c. Send today and reserve your territory.

What Makes the Gas Light?

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Store Operators Wanted $50 to $100 a Week



We want responsible people in each locality to operate the **NATIONAL BUNGALOW**, most attractive little store in America. Pays as much as **80o PROFIT** on the Dollar on Fast Selling Items that **EVERYBODY BUYS!** Millions of men, women and children are spending money for Popcorn, Orange Drink, Coneys, Peanuts, Ice Cream and Candy. With the **NATIONAL BUNGALOW**, our operators are selling these **Long Profit** Lines making $50 to $150 or more a week.

A Cash Business of Your Own

We start you in business, help select a location, give you the benefit of our 15 years in business, furnish free formulas and valuable trade secrets, tell you how to establish a steady **CASH BUSINESS** that is paying our operators Big Profits Everywhere. **Beem reports $338.20 in Three Days. Laubach reports as much as $300 a week. Bailey takes in around $140 a week.** Others making more money than they ever did before. A Big Profit Cash Business absolutely proved During 15 Years of Successful Operation.

Small Capital Starts You



Only responsible people who can invest from $125 to $300 cash can qualify and take advantage of our Easy Payment Plan. Wall reports his machine more than paid for itself in 30 days.

Write today for complete information of the **NATIONAL BUNGALOW** Business as well as 14 other models for theaters, drug stores, confectioneries, concessions, etc.

NATIONAL SALES & MFG. CO.
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Choo Choo-Another $240 Profit!



Another HOLLYWOOD knock-out selling hit—the CHOO-CHOO-AUTO HORN. (Pat. Pending.) Closely resembles the sound of a roaring locomotive whistle. Not a toy, nor trick horn, but a real motor car horn—preferable to most others. Hundreds being installed—from FORDS TO LINCOLNS! Sells itself at $4.80—costs you $2.40. No HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SELLING. Sound it and collect the crowd—and then COLLECT THE MONEY! Agents are actually "cleaning up" on this new hit. Everybody wants one. Installed in 3 minutes by anyone. Be first in your locality with this clever horn.

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Ends Drudgery...Saves Redecorating!



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AGENTS! Make big money! New, easy plan. Simply show and take orders. No experience or capital needed. Full or spare time. Write today for all details and FREE OUTFIT.

FREE OFFER

The KRISTEE MFG. CO.
334 Bar St. AKRON, OHIO

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 57)

America, their skill at the service of the poorest draftee, who might have his teeth filled by a dentist whose charges at home were thirty, forty, or fifty dollars an hour, or the splinters of his shattered jaw put together by the most distinguished of dental surgeons.

One specialist, the obstetrician, who had nothing to do in the male world of the Army, might be assigned with the general practitioners in the three Medical Corps training camps. There they were to have thirteen weeks' instruction and to learn their drill at the same time as the men they were to command. But the call for medical officers was so pressing that many had to go before they had finished the course. However, that staff college regime at Langres in France to perfect their education for service at the front was awaiting them when they reached France. The Medical Corps had come into its own as in no other war, but not in its desire under command of Surgeon General William C. Gorgas, and of General Bradley, and, later, General Merritte Ireland in France.

When it stood to reason that the business of an army was to fight, there was still a survival of the old complaint of generals and colonels of the line against turning over the Army to the doctors, who should be just doctors and given no rank. No, these doctors never could have enough. Give them their way and there would be nobody but stretcher bearers at the front, with sanitary trains in place of ammunition trains.

The first demand of the Medical Corps was for 14.5 per cent of the total force, which the General Staff reduced to 11.5 and then to 7.5, which was attained only after the Armistice. That is, one-fourteenth of the whole was occupied with the care of the sick and wounded, but necessarily the proportion of officers was very high to privates. The number grew from 649 upon our entry into the War to more than 40,000 at the end, including the dental, sanitary and veterinary branches.

WHAT of the care of the soldiers' souls when the shepherds were seeing the youth of their flock leaving their homes for the army? The shepherds were conscious of their special responsibility in bringing good out of the evil of war. As the recruit trained for the goal of the trenches, where death stalked, they hoped he would feel the need of religion which would strengthen the faith of the negligent and convert the unbelieving. Around and in the training camps the church organizations were in co-operation with the Commission on Training Camp Activities. But there must be shepherds in the Army, a part of the Army, the nation's official spiritual shepherds who lived with the troops from camps to trenches.

At first thought it might have seemed as simple for the graduate theologue to step into a chaplain's part as for the graduate nurse to step into the army nurse's part. The chaplain did not have to drill troops. His business was to nurse ill souls, as hers was to nurse ill bodies. However, she was dealing with the present world. A patient was not thinking of her religious denomination or she of his. Hers was a professional and personal human part to him. The interest of his parents and his family doctors was merely that she was a competent nurse who would keep him alive in the present world. But in all that concerned the next world, which the chaplain represented, their interest was denominational, when the souls of our soldiers represented more than thirty denominations. In religion the nurse herself might also be strictly denominational. The problem of chaplains, which touched not only all the denominations but all the races in the melting pot, was bound to come up to the Secretary of War. It had come up to previous Secretaries. There is no signal that carries quite so significant a warning as religion and race in administration circles.

There is a broad gulf between sermons, masses, and pastoral visits to the home, where young men are part of the family, and the life of the same young men in barracks, billets, and trenches, where language and routine are far from the domestic conventions. An army chaplain is submitted to the Army's strict masculine test. He must keep up the dignity of his cloth without being too fussily sanctimonious. He must listen to oaths and construe them as adjectival emphasis free from blasphemy. A chaplain who indulges in oaths himself, or drinks too much, will lose his influence as quickly as one who says, "Now, now, boys, it doesn't help any to use those naughty swear words," to soldiers pulling a gun out of the muck under shell-fire; or as one who calls down anathemas upon the head of a soldier who appears on the company streets three sheets in the wind. A chaplain must know when to turn a deaf ear and a blind eye, and at the same time how, at the right moment, to impress his soldier flock with the mercy, faith, and awe of his mission among men. Being a good army chaplain is an art, and more than an art. He is nearer his flock, under their sharp observation, than any clergyman in civil life, but no flock is so appreciative of his worth according to their canons. Above all, that soldier flock does not want to be preached to very much. In his scorn of the propaganda of the rear, deeds count to the soldier at the front where the chaplain proves his faith that there is an after world by his conduct under war's strain and under fire. I have known chaplains to win all the influence over the soldiers they might desire by an exhibition of calm and unflinching courage, and others to lose what influence they had by an appearance of timidity.

The old custom in the Army had been that the chaplains were the personal choice of the Secretary of War. The increase of our Army after the Spanish War called attention to a new field which it seemed that the Episcopalians had especially cultivated. In 1906 President Roosevelt was reminded by the other denominations that not one of them had as many chaplains as the Episcopalians, who were actually only the tenth on the list in the number of communicants in the United States. Roosevelt wrote this memorandum in his decisive way of dispatching business:

"I don't know the percentage of Catholics in the Army. Among the officers I suppose it would be less than one-fifth. Among the men I suppose it would be more than one-fifth. Perhaps to have a quarter of the chaplains Catholic would be about right."

The question was up again before Secretary Garrison in 1914. He put Adjutant General McCain at the complicated task of working out percentages of the communicants of all denominations, after allowing four Negro chaplains. The conclusion was that the Roman Catholics should have 23.75 per cent, or 1.25 per cent less than Roosevelt's offhand guess.

In utilizing him as an influence for military morale the Regular Army assigned the chaplain to look after entertainment. So regulations supplied him with a motion-picture outfit, a talking machine, a portable organ, one large tent, and six hundred folding chairs for services, and twenty folding tables.

In the Great War the responsibility of choosing chaplains was put directly on the church organizations, who were expected to get together in the common cause. The Federal Council of Churches, co-operating with the Roman Catholic church, represented the vast majority of Christian church membership in the United States. The regular chief of chaplains had his say as to the kind of candidates who were suitable. The call to France no more made a good chaplain than a good line officer. A chaplain was not to be, as sometimes happened in the old days, a man who was a misfit in civil church life. He must have the qualities which fitted him as a man to serve with troops. It was not enough to be a friend of a friend of an eminent man. Having been handpicked, he, too, would then have to go to the school for chaplains.

It was settled that the ratio of Roman Catholics should remain one-quarter, as the large migration from Catholic countries of late years had increased the number of Catholic communicants. The smaller denominations were loath as the larger ones that their sons who were drawn into the draft should be left to alien shepherding in the face of death. It was not practicable that these minorities should have regimental chaplains who must be either Protestant or Catholic, care being taken in the assignments that either should go to a regiment which had a large percentage of men of the chaplain's faith. The religious service which either performed was Christian, not dogmatic. Catholic chaplains held mass after conventional army service was over. In some regiments the decision as to whether the chaplain should be either Catholic or Protestant was decided by vote.

Congress cared for the minorities by providing for chaplains at large. The first lot were five Jews, two Christian Scientists, four Eastern Catholics, two Mormons, one Salvation Army, and six miscellaneous. The Jewish organizations protested that their chaplains should not wear the cross. Baker decided that it might be omitted from the insignia in their case.

Then the Jews began insisting upon an insignia representative of their religion. The discussion occupies pages in the records. Finally the Operations Division of the General Staff, which had so many other affairs to consider, came to this conclusion: As it was against tradition that all members of the same branch of a service should not wear the insignia, an order was drafted that all chaplains should wear the shepherd's crook in place of the Latin cross. When Baker saw that order, which had not yet been published, he had it immediately suppressed. The cross would still remain the symbol of religious faith in the Army, but he would allow the Jews to wear the triangle and tablets where the Christian chaplains wore the cross.

When powerful influences asked for the detail of a Catholic Regular officer to a National Guard regiment Baker refused. The rule at the time was not to spare Regular officers from the National Army to the National Guard; and while the religion of chaplains might be considered in their assignments it could not be in the case of line officers. When there was a protest from Protestants that an undue number of Catholic chaplains were receiving commissions, the answer was that their share of places was waiting for the Protestants as soon as their organizations named their candidates.

Eleven chaplains were killed or wounded in action, aside from those who died in home service as they gave of themselves without stint in daily routine or in the influenza epidemic. No one denomination seems to have had a monopoly of courage or devotion. "He worked in uninterrupted and violent fire in total disregard of danger." . . . "He persisted in accompanying his battalion even in the assault on support positions in the advance, stating that he might be of most service to the wounded if close up." . . . "He was gassed in action and went under heavy shell-fire." So read the official records of the shepherds of soldiers' souls in proof that the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church.

GENERAL BLISS would reach retiring age in November. His successor as chief of staff must be a man of vision and untiring energy in driving the machine that was being assembled under the plan which the wisdom of Bliss had fostered. In his letter of September 10th, 1917, parts of which I have already quoted with reference to other subjects, Baker wrote to Pershing:

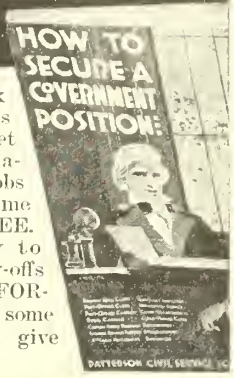
"My strong desire is to have a young man who has *(Continued on page 60)*

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GOVERNMENT JOB



Through this book I've shown thousands of fellows how to get the well-paid, permanent civil service jobs they now hold. Let me send it to you, FREE. I'll tell you how to say good-bye to lay-offs and "hard times" FOREVER. Here are some of the pointers I'll give you:

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Page 9 **How You Pick Your Job** You choose it; I help you get it. Travel, or work in Washington or at home. Government has many openings.

Page 12 **How I Prepare You Quickly** For 8 years I was Civil Service Examiner. I help you to get High rating; FIRST jobs open.

Page 18 **About Raises Every Year** Don't live on promises; Uncle Sam increases your pay regularly, and you *get it*, every week.

Page 18 **About Vacations With Pay** Up to 30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick-leave with pay. Your boss is *generous* as well as *steady*.

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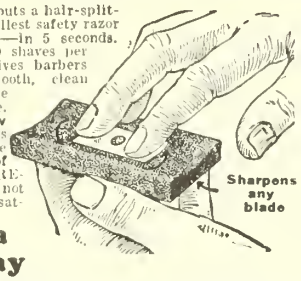
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We show you new way to build permanent business. Big profits from the start. Spare or full time. No capital or experience required. Ford Tudor Sedan free to producers as extra reward. Write now.

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FREE BOOK IN COLORS — COLOR BOOK

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 59)

had some months of experience in France. My mind has rather run in the direction of General March who, by the middle of November, will have had an excellent opportunity to become familiar with the whole situation abroad and whose experience in the War Department has been such that there would be no loss of time on his part in understanding the intricacies of bureau operations here. In addition to that, he is a man of positive and decided character. I realize, of course, that bringing General March away might be a serious loss to you, and I have by no means decided upon him for the place, but I would like to have your judgment on this question. It seems to me that co-operation in Washington is of an importance impossible to overestimate and that we can assure it best by having a young, aggressive man who will realize from actual observation and participation your difficulties and be able to understand from the least hint just what it is necessary for us to do to be of the maximum support to you.

"I will send this letter by the hand of some officer who is going abroad and will hope to receive by similar means of communication any observations either on these subjects or any other which you desire me to have for confidential consideration."

Baker had March under his eye when March was boldly cutting an accretion of red tape in the adjutant general's office in 1916. No one who ever knew March questioned his aggressiveness or his decided and positive character. He was now chief of artillery in France. Pershing gave the subject so vital to the future of our whole army effort his usual thorough consideration and it was not until November 13th that he replied. His decision was in favor of General John Biddle rather than March. But he confessed that as the result of his experience in France he was finding that opinions he had formed of officers in their youth were reversed by age. Biddle was an engineer. He had been commandant at West Point and won distinction among his colleagues as a progressive and able officer, but had not had much service with troops. Pershing had looked him over in France, where he was in command of the railroad regiments, and concluded that he was broad-minded and energetic and had a large, clear grasp of the situation. Pershing thought March would be valuable as an assistant to Biddle in reorganizing the War Department. Biddle's attractive personality was one asset as he undertook that gigantic task at a critical period. March was not to come for another four months.

ALL the messages from abroad that came to the Secretary's desk were not from Pershing or the Allied missions. Many were brought along the hall from the State Department, which was the medium of international communication between President and premiers in forming state policies which were supreme over all the armies. Yet the fluctuation of state policies only reflected the fluctuation of the fortunes of armed action in that vicious circle of confusing and conflicting aims when nations are allied in war.

The War Department's problem in co-ordinating the increasing magnitude of all the parts of our preparations at home was more and more hampered by the lack of co-ordination among the Allies. The governing principle of their relations with one another had not been changed through the spring and summer. Good news still drew them apart and bad news united them. Our entry into the war, suddenly replenishing their war-chests, had brought promise of victory which naturally led each nation to revert to its own interest.

Word from America revealed to the Allies that we were spending a billion dollars a month on our own preparations and five hundred millions a month on Allied loans. We were inaugurating an immense shipbuilding plan and raising a vast army, while our Navy's assistance had become vital to maintain Britain's mastery of the sea against the submarine.

How were we to use this fresh power which we were marshaling? With the strain becoming heavier on our energies and our pockets as we passed into the second war period, we too might be thinking in terms of our own interest. The disheartening prospect of a fourth war-winter brought another call for more unity, which now had for its object the bringing of America's forces to bear effectively against the enemy.

The one man who must be won to any policy was President Wilson, whom the progress of events continued to raise higher as arbiter of the world's destiny. He had stuck to his post in the White House all through the summer, with a brief occasional escape on the presidential yacht from "Washington madness," as he described it to Colonel House.

The British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, in a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, had said that the President was being driven further and further into himself and his own resources, in order to retain the clarity of his vision and his bodily health under the immense strain that was upon him. So he avoided personal contact when possible, and saw argumentative interviews as a waste of time and mental energy. Sir Cecil described his mental emotions as wrapped in mystery. When every word the President uttered must carry so much weight down the whispering gallery, this mystical aloofness may have been an effective armor against the conflicting suggestions of Allied ambassadors and missions.

All the Allied statesmen knew that

Colonel E. M. House was the President's ear, a super-legate without office. At the end of the summer Lloyd George was writing to Colonel House that a special representative of the United States of first rank should be sent to England at once. Arthur Balfour brought his prestige to bear in a letter to House, pointing out England's serious situation and asking for co-operation in pooling British and American resources. Lord Reading, whose personal charm could capitalize the wide range of his abilities with the skill of the advocate, elaborated the theme in a personal appeal to the President.

Arthur Hugh Frazier, the experienced Counsellor of our Embassy in Paris, was writing on October 12th, that in the fourth year of the War, "with every one rather weary of the whole thing, I seem to notice more signs of lack of harmony between the Allies than ever before. As we are the most disinterested nation engaged and as we have the confidence of all the Allies to a greater extent than any other country I believe it is our logical rôle to unite the Allies in concerted action and to act as a general harmonizing influence." The thing was to have all the Allies see it that way. And nations in alliance are ponderous bodies that move slowly.

Soon the same urging was being sounded not only by France, England, and Italy, but the smaller Allies, in an evidently concerted influence on the President, whose hesitation had whetted the common desire of the Allies.

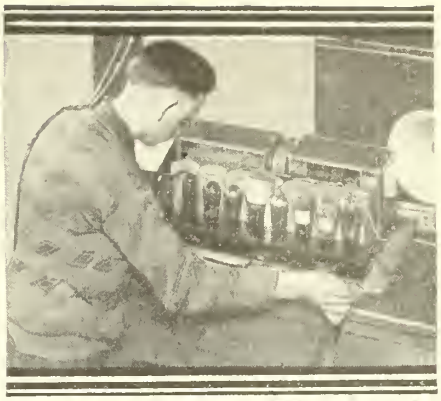
A council of war among the Allied leaders, including American, should be held in Europe. There should be another council considering priority among the Allies of money, coal, shipping, steel and all munitions, and discussing embargoes and all kindred subjects. We sent the mission, which was to be known as the House Mission, with Colonel House at its head. Oscar T. Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, represented the Treasury, with Paul D. Cravath as legal adviser; Vance McCormick, its chairman, the War Trade Board; Bainbridge Colby, the Shipping Board; Thomas N. Perkins, the War Industries Board; and Alonzo E. Taylor, the Food Administration. Lest German submarines be forewarned, the mission's departure on October 29th was as carefully camouflaged a military secret as that of a drive on the Western front.

Secretary Daniels chose Admiral W. S. Benson as spokesman of the Navy; and Baker chose General Tasker H. Bliss, who was soon to retire as Chief of Staff, as spokesman of the Army. Although Bliss's mission was semi-diplomatic the President did not receive him before his departure. The busy President was given to forming judgments by the written rather than the spoken word. Many of Bliss's memorandums had been on his desk, which familiarized him with the Chief of Staff's wisdom, and he knew that Baker had complete confidence in Bliss. The President suggested to Baker that Bliss might be the one to carry out Colonel House's hint that Pershing should pay a little more attention to General Pétain, whom Pershing was said to have neglected by his apparent partiality for Joffre. However, the wise Frazier, in his letter, had intimated that these differences had been greatly exaggerated and would find their own solution.

JULY had passed, and August, and September, and still the French had no word that "Lafayette, we are here!" meant that the American troops they had welcomed on Independence Day were to go any nearer the front than their training camp in Lorraine. There the President of France, and Joffre, Pétain, and other French generals, had inspected them and made speeches of glowing praise of the same order as the ecstatic *feuilletons* of French journalists. The accredited American correspondents with our troops had had to realize "human interest stuff" for their daily dispatches out of the routine of camp drill. The sympathetic Lloyd George, without going to Lorraine or having seen an American regiment on parade, encouraged our public at home with his view that the Americans were the best fighters of all.

But the French *poilus* and the French people gossiping in the street were concluding that, after all, our Army was only a propagandic army. If General "Pershaing" would only allow French officers a free hand in directing our men, they would long ago have been in the trenches, which was the best place to learn practical lessons in warfare. Early apprehension in the War Department that Pershing might be too eager to get his men in was entirely allayed. When we were spending a billion and a half dollars a month we had not yet discommoded any Germans, as Theodore Roosevelt said—that is, no Germans in the German army. Our destroyers had discommoded German submarines, as we shall see. His thoroughness associated with his procrastination, Pershing was determined not to make a bad start, which might be worse than the delay in making a good start.

In answer to growing impatience at home, Baker was warranted in mid-October in the guarded statement that our men would soon be in the trenches. On the day that the House mission took its special train from New York to embark at Halifax, the accredited correspondents in Lorraine had a spread for the front page. With as apparent little ado and without a single casualty, as if they had occupied front seats at a play, elements of the First Division had skillfully stepped into a notably quiet sector which had seen no violent action for three years. Then came word that we had taken a prisoner, the most important prisoner of the war to us; then we learned that an Indiana sergeant had fired our first shot; then three of our men were killed; then we had men taken prisoners as well as killed and wounded in a German trench raid. What was a minor incident on the Western front, unworthy of a place in a daily communiqúe, was of major significance in home news. The war became intimate to us through those legates, our sons, whom we envisioned tramping softly over strange roads to their places in *(Continued on page 62)*



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31x4	2.95	1.15	28x4.75	2.45	1.20
32x4	2.95	1.15	29x4.75	2.45	1.20
33x4	2.95	1.15	30x4.95	2.90	1.35
34x4	3.50	1.15	29x5.00	2.95	1.35
32x4½	3.20	1.45	80x5.00	2.95	1.35
33x4½	3.20	1.45	28x5.25	2.95	1.35
34x4½	3.45	1.45	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
30x5	3.60	1.75	31x5.25	3.10	1.35
33x5	3.60	1.75	30x5.77	3.20	1.40
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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 61)

the line. We saw them in trench helmets serving their guns, and behind the parapets, as personalities lost behind their gas masks in machine warfare. The thought stirred the blood of all the men in the training camps, drove hands deeper into pockets to subscribe for the Second Liberty Loan.

When our most important diplomatic mission in the war was departing, it is interesting to note items from the home press in the preceding two months. They reflect with singular vividness our national war activities and emotions when Allied censorship allowed rumors to pass as an aid in concealing the truth and confusing the enemy.

On September 23d, the German Chancellor was reported as saying that Germany would re-establish Belgian independence in return for the sovereignty of her lost colonies; U-boat sinkings were at the lowest ebb since the War began; La Follette was attacking the war and the Government. And then, from day to day:

Roosevelt wanted La Follette, a "sinister enemy," expelled from the Senate; Berlin papers asked for an Armistice before Americans were killed in battle by Germany; exposure of an I. W. W. plot to burn cities and shoot government officers; a *London Times* writer saw a Socialist revolution hatching in Britain; two hundred Germans were rounded up in New York, and their maps and plans seized; the German Chancellor refused to state Berlin's war aims; the German Foreign Office was reported to be for war to the bitter end; German prisoners longed for peace; spies reported as a menace to Pershing's army; Berlin newspapers concealed a disastrous German defeat by the British in Flanders; a London mob burned a pacifist church; and French said German manpower was ebbing; there was mutiny in the German navy; a blockade of the American coast by German submarines was expected; Bulgarian agents sounded Allied diplomats for peace terms; Kerensky was cheered by the Russian Duma as he said that Russia would not submit to a forced peace; Admiral Jellicoe said "The War is all but won," though German submarines had sunk twenty-five British ships the previous week; Germany had lost half her super-Zeppelins; President Wilson put woman suffrage to the fore; British and French forces won more ground; Kerensky appealed for a fighting army; British airplanes crashed nineteen German airplanes and wrecked German aerodromes in Belgium.

All in all the news bore the same assurance with which the Allied public had been familiar for over three years. A little more effort, this time from America, would bring victory.

McAdoo assured us that victory was near if we went over the top with the Second Liberty Loan. All the committees of men and women were busy salesmen; the four-minute men were speaking in all manner of places and from every kind of rostrum. The press was urgent with all its influence; there were Liberty Loan parades; and Liberty Loan posters and cartoons by the most eminent artists, as the Committee on Public Information summoned up all its battalions of volunteers to action. It was evidence that the Government was in earnest and that soft-hearted persuasion had passed, when the Alien Property Custodian seized two hundred million dollars of German funds and property, which he turned over to the Loan.

One drive succeeded another. The war fathered the great American drive system. Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, all the welfare organizations made their appeals personal to every individual American, whose refusal would make him as much of a slacker as if he were a deserter from the front in France. Congress had finally adjourned on October 15th, after raising the income tax, laying various war taxes, and making liberal appropriations.

No one could be so well prepared as Bliss to talk with Allied commanders and war offices. As chief of staff he had helped to shape all War Department preparations. He knew the results to date in the broad compass of all the parts that made the whole. Four hundred and sixty thousand draft men were already in camp and before he would have been in Europe a week another two hundred and twenty-five thousand would join them, making a total of nearly a million and a half in training. He and the industrial experts of the mission knew how far America's resources were stretched already; that the draft of industrial preparation must have some time to catch up with the draft of men, when the departure of each man to a training camp meant one out of the ranks of those who were making supplies, and added one to the ranks of those who consumed supplies.

In spite of the orders, which had been placed before and immediately after our entry into the war, and the crowding of manufacturers in the utilization of all available looms and materials, we were short nearly a million cotton drawers, seventy-five thousand hats, eight hundred thousand wool undershirts, and four hundred thousand wool overcoats. But we did have enough woolen gloves. The canvass of the Munitions Board in April, which showed we could not fully equip a million men before January first, had been correct. Even the dollar-a-year men and industry and labor could do only their utmost.

On their way across the Atlantic the members of the House Mission were getting day by day wireless reports of the appalling progress of a disaster to the Allied arms which was a tragic mandate for Allied co-operation.

(To be continued)

THE UNFINISHED BATTLE

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D.C.

IMMEDIATELY after Congress passed over President Hoover's veto the law enabling World War service men to borrow fifty percent of the face value of their adjusted compensation certificates, National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil issued an appeal that service men not urgently needing the loans postpone making applications so that those whose need is imperative may be served first.

At the same time, Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, and John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee, distributed to all Legion posts information that would enable post service officers to give speedy assistance to men applying for loans. All posts were urged to obtain supplies of "Form No. 1185, Veterans' Note," from nearest offices of the Veterans Bureau. This form must be filled out by applicants for loans.

The rehabilitation and legislative committee offices of the Legion at Washington also acted promptly to acquaint veterans with their new loan rights through the newspapers and radio stations. All announcements emphasized the need of fair play on the part of service men not immediately needing loans if the Government is to help speedily those veterans who have suffered worst in the country's economic crisis.

National Commander O'Neil in a public statement at the time Congress passed the loan law expressed the Legion's attitude as follows:

"The war veterans are mindful of their nation's welfare, and I think you will find that those who are not in need will not apply for loans. We are saying to the veterans in need: 'Apply for your loans immediately, and the Legion will aid you to obtain them as soon as you can. You have a right to your money and should take it if it will relieve your distress.'

"To those not in need we are saying: 'Aid your distressed comrades in obtaining their loans. Refrain from applying for loans for yourselves, so that the wheels of administration may not be clogged and so that the distressed may receive their relief the sooner. Do not borrow unless circumstances require it."

The National Rehabilitation Committee suggested that less-needy applicants for loans postpone making their applications for sixty to ninety days to give the Veterans Bureau an opportunity to help first the most needy. The committee also requested, in the interests of speed, that applicants refrain from sending letters or telegrams to the Bureau or the committee after applications have been submitted. The Bureau estimates that it will be able to get out over 400,000 loans in the first month after the money is available.

Veterans who have their certificates in their own possession should apply for their loans to the nearest regional office of the Veterans Bureau. There is at least one of these offices in each State except Delaware. Regional offices are holding many thousands of certificates belonging to veterans holding current loans under earlier law.

The central office of the Bureau in Washington is holding approximately 350,000 certificates of veterans who obtained earlier loans from banks and failed to repay them. When the loans were not repaid, the banks forwarded the loans and notes to Washington for payment by the Bureau's central office. Veterans whose certificates were forwarded by banks to Washington should apply for further loans directly to the Bureau in Washington.

The practical importance of not obtaining a loan unless actually needed was emphasized by the National Rehabilitation Committee's warning that if a veteran borrows fifty percent of the face value of his certificate, as the new law makes possible, and does not repay the sum, compound interest will consume almost the entire remaining half of the face value of the certificate before it matures at the end of the 20-year period.

Procedure in obtaining loans under the new law will be practically the same as in the past. The application form, No. 1185, is the one which has been used by the Bureau for earlier loans. This fact insures speedy action by Legion posts and regional offices of the Bureau in assisting applicants. It proves, from the standpoint of the time element, the wisdom of the law Congress passed as compared with proposed measures calling for the payment of full face value of certificates or a percentage of face value. Had one of these proposed measures been enacted, the Veterans Bureau would have been compelled to establish new administrative machinery and payments would have been greatly delayed.

THE Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., wants information in the following cases:

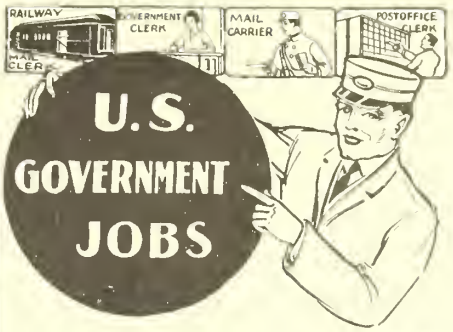
49TH AERO SQUDRN.—Statements required from former members who remember attack of flu suffered by Albert COPLAN on transport returning from overseas, Feb. 26 to Mar. 8, 1919. On either U. S. S. *Plattsburg* or *New York*.

14TH CO., 2D MOTOR MECH. REGT.—Jacob R. CLOWER, ex-pvt. at Camp Hancock, Camp Merritt and in A. E. F. requires affidavits from Capt. Zens L. SMITH, Carl CANE (or CAIN) and other men who remember disability sustained in service.

BASE HOSP., CAMP SHERMAN, OHIO—Alfred S. ENSIGN wants statements from doctors, nurses and men who remember him as meningitis patient in Wards No. 1 and No. 35 from Apr. 16 to July 25, 1918.

50TH INF., SUP. CO.—Affidavits from officers and medical officers who remember disability of A. E. FULFORD while in Mayen, Germany, Dec., 1920, or Jan., 1921.

U. S. S. DESTROYER *Luce*, No. 99—Statements from Geo. MERICK, R. O. BALL, Capt. PARKER, Chief P. O. "Dutch" KESSLER, P. E. LEWIS, John DODD, AUSTIN, GUNRAD, PACKARD, BERGHMAN, LUND, O'CONNORS, *(Continued on page 64)*



$1260 to $3400 A YEAR

PICK YOUR JOB

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

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Railway Postal Clerks get $1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. $79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being $2,700 a year. $112.50 each pay day.



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

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Clerks and Carriers now commence at $1,700 a year and automatically increase $100 a year to $2,100 and $2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

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Salary $2,100 to commence. Work connected with Immigration and Customs examination of incoming passengers from foreign countries.

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Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET $1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET $2,100 TO $2,700 A YEAR?



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Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me all about preference given to ex-service men.

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- ☐ Rural Mail Carrier ..... ($2,100-$3,300)
- ☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk ..... ($1,260-$2,500)
- ☐ Immigrant Inspector ..... ($2,100-$2,900)
- ☐ Inspector of Customs ..... ($2,100 up)

Name _____

Address _____

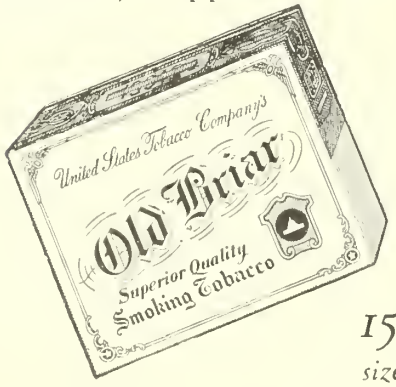
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UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

The Unfinished Battle

(Continued from page 63)

JOHNS and other men of crew, July, 1918, to July, 1919, who remember Theodore R. HOLDEN.

HIGGENS, John—Wants to locate ex-Cook Sam DRAINS who carried meals to him while typhoid fever patient in hospital at Brownsville, Tex. Higgens lost use of both legs as result of disease.

155TH INF., Co. I, 39TH DIV.—Statement from ex-1st Sgt. CARNEY to support disability claim of William (Cotton) HARPER.

12TH PROV. GUARD BN., Muelheim, Germany, Jan., 1919—Affidavits from Capt. MCDANIELS, Lt. WEBSTER, Homer BARTLETT and other men who remember injuries received by Everett LOMAS.

WEBB, Lowndes, O., ex-2d Lt., Hq. Co., 64th Pioneer Inf.—Necessary to locate this man, formerly of Georgia, to settle claim matter.

145TH INF., Co. D, 37TH DIV.—Statements from officers and men who remember gas and shell fragment wound suffered by Frank LOUIE, ex-pvt., while in action. Was a patient in Hosp. No. 146, A. E. F., Oct. 8-9, 1918.

326TH INF., Co. G—Statements from former officers and men who remember rheumatism suffered by Carl H. MOUM during winter of 1918-19.

7TH REGT. OF MARINES—Statements from Stuart Clark OBYRNE, Virgil Everett SAFFORD, William Graves ST. JOHN, Chester M. GEORGE, Bruce GOOTEE, Jr., and other men who remember W. C. MINER while in Cuba in '18 and '19.

MATULIS, John—Information wanted regarding this man, formerly of Shenandoah, Pa., in connection with adjusted compensation payment.

23D INF., Co. G—Former members in July, 1918, who remember Michael J. NEE, killed in action July 19, 1918, can furnish assistance in connection with insurance claim.

S. P. U. 393, 5TH DIV.—Lt. Wesley OGDEN and other officers and men who remember Arthur J. CHAUVIN can be of help in connection with disability claim.

ARMY BASE HOSP., BREST, FRANCE—Doctors, nurses and men assigned to Observation Ward No. 13, can assist in connection with disability claim of John W. PHELPS.

HQ. TROOP, 76TH DIV., Camp Devens, Mass.—Maj. J. E. LOWE, Capt. Frank J. HILLER, Lts. John C. MCDONALD and MACPHERSON wanted to establish disability claim of Walter H. POPE.

331ST INF., MED. DET., 83D DIV.—Statements wanted by Charles E. PARKER from Capt. Walters S. BEBB and other men of regimental hospital who recall his disability.

124TH INF. BAND—Statements from Lt. MILLER, William SHULTZ and other men of band who remember Washington D. ROBERTS.

32D ENGRS., Co. B—L. G. ROGERS requires statements from KUHLMAN of Peoria, A. PARLIN of Denver, WOODS of Cheyenne, PACKARD and STEWART of California, "The Wop" of the Michigan Central, ADAMS, the "Battle Axe" and other men of company who served in detachment with Co. D, 18th Engrs. at Bassens, France.

1ST NO. DAKOTA MED. CORP—Affidavits needed by Arthur H. RATZLAFF from Art SEARS and Dutch HOGAN.

62D INF., Co. H—Statements from former members, especially 1st Sgt. Paul D. LEE, Sgts. Carl C. PITTERD and Ralph C. KLINE, to establish insurance claim of William L. SMITH.

20TH AND 10TH COS., Fort Terry, N. Y.—Former men of these companies who can assist Jos. SMEREZNIAK in establishing compensation claim.

5TH REGT. U. S. MARINES, 16TH CO., 2D DIV.—Statements from comrades and men in Hosp. No. 22 and Base Hosp. No. 216, Coblenz, Germany, who remember John F. ULRICH (known as "Step-and-a-half") suffering from injury to leg. In hospital from Feb. 5 to May 22, 1919. Also received treatment at Quantico, Va., in June, 1919.

U. S. S. *Carolinian*—Former members of black gang who remember injury to C. A. TILP caused by ash can dropped by Eddie LEGENDRE and WENTLING while ship was in foreign waters.

BARNETT, Clarence—Information wanted regarding whereabouts of this ex-soldier who disappeared while en route by auto from Ventura, Cal., to Halls, Tenn., in 1927 or 1928. His mother needs assistance.

47TH C. A. C., BTTY. F—Affidavits from Capt. F. LAFITTE, 1st Sgt. RUSSELL, Cpl. BOOTH and 1st Lt. of battery while at Brest, France, needed to support disability claim of Clifton E. FULTON, suffering from tuberculosis.

The Lollipop Lure

(Continued from page 29)

given certificates setting forth the physical condition of each child. The physical requirements for the blue ribbon were these: Vision at least ninety percent in both eyes; hearing at least ninety percent in both ears; teeth clean and without unfilled cavities; tonsils normal or previously removed; no goitre; able to breathe through nose with mouth closed; well nourished; skin free from eruptions; heart and lungs normal; vaccinated against smallpox; protected against diphtheria by toxin-antitoxin; no evidence of rickets.

I have already told you how many organizations co-operated with the Legion in obtaining the names of the children about to enter school. Another group of organizations gave help in the examinations. The Racine County Medical Society sponsored twenty-four clinics, the Red Cross forty-eight and the Health Department of the city of Racine thirty-six. In addition, all doctors in the community were supplied with the clinic record cards. It was understood that all examinations in the clinics were to be free and those by private physicians in their own offices were to be paid for. All corrections of defects were paid for by parents, unless they were unable to do so, in which event efforts were made to procure assistance for them. In the first year of operation twenty percent of the entering group were examined. The next year it rose to forty-nine percent.

May 1st is now observed everywhere in this country as National Health Day, and that day is especially suitable for publicly opening a community effort such as ours. I think other posts could also profitably benefit by the experience of Racine Post if they began preliminary work as much as possible in advance of May 1st. Publicity and planning takes time. May 15th is a good day for the first clinics and they can be continued until August 15th.

Any post could engage in this effort successfully. The needed supplies are explanatory circulars for general distribution, examination certificates, record cards, buttons, lollypops and blue ribbons. These and intelligent planning and direction will insure adequate results.

The full performance of this task will give to any post added appreciation of the first day of school. Whether a school bell rings in September or not, the coming of the day when school reopens will have new significance for fathers and mothers generally and Legionnaires particularly.



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• Please mail my free copy of the 1931 Emblem catalogue. It is ta be distinctly understood that this in no way obligates me ta purchase.

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